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Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

Before the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the members informally discussed the advisability of offering a reward for the discovery of the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. McLeish. There was some question as to whether there was any likelihood of accomplishing anything by the offer of a reward, but City Solicitor Sullivan effectively disposed of the matter by stating that the board had no authority to offer a reward, because the representative council had made no appropriation therefor. The matter was not brought up in the meeting.

There was a large amount of business for the board to consider, most of which had to do with the opening of bids for various supplies for different departments. In most cases there were many bidders, and the figures were referred to City Clerk Fullerton for tabulation and report at the next meeting.

The Newport National Bank was the highest bidder for receiving the city deposits and paying the city treasurer's checks for the year and was awarded the contract on a bid of 2.80 per cent. interest. The National Exchange Bank bid 2.76, the Newport Trust Company 2.74 and the Aquidneck National Bank 2.68.

The contract for a Ford runabout for the highway department was awarded to Dutee W. Flint, Inc., for $436.21, and for a sanitary steel cart for the same department to P. F. McDonald Co., for $439.

There was some discussion as to the best method of calling for bids for transportation of crushed stone from the city crusher. Street Commissioner Sullivan favored asking for bids by motor truck only, but the board decided to give the owners of horse-drawn vehicles an opportunity to bid.

A MIDDLETOWN FIRE

The Aquidneck Avenue section of Middletown was visited by another fire of mysterious origin on Wednesday evening, when a bungalow belonging to Inspector J. O. Ellis of the Providence police department was totally destroyed. A few months ago fire was discovered in the same building, evidently the work of an incendiary, as a box of burning rubbish was found under the house. Quick discovery of that fire prevented any serious damage.

Wednesday evening the flames were not discovered until the entire building was enveloped. Mr. Silas Peckham, a neighbor, saw the illumination and telephoned for the Middletown fire department. At about the same time someone pulled box 261 on Bliss Road, but the Newport department did not go to the scene, returning to their stations when the location was ascertained.

There was little that could be done by the Middletown department except to protect nearby structures, as the building was doomed from the first. The house was designed for summer occupancy only and had been closed since early in the fall. There seems little doubt but that this is one more of the incendiary fires that have been frequent in that section of Middletown for the past year or two.

The police had a call to a house on Pell street Thursday evening, where neighbors reported that there was a man in the cellar of one of the houses. The man was quite surprised when the police arrived, as he was merely an honest workman who had been directed to do certain work there.

STILL LOOKING FOR MURDERER

No Substantial Clews Have Yet Been Developed to Solve the Mystery of Deaths of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Frazier McLeish.

Newport is still terribly excited and worried over the most distressing tragedy that was ever enacted in this vicinity, when Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Frazier McLeish were brutally murdered in their home on the estate of Mrs. Paul FitzSimons early last Sunday morning. The tragic death of this popular young couple, who had every reason to look forward to many years of happiness, was enough in itself to cause a feeling of gloom to hover over the community, but add to this the fact that there has been found absolutely no clue to the murderer and that he is probably still at large in this small city, and the feeling of insecurity is easily accounted for. Women absolutely refuse to be left alone at home in the evening, and many of them even dread to go to bed at night with every door and window securely fastened. That the brutal deed was that of a maniac there seems to be little doubt, and the uncertainty as to what he may do next has caused a feeling of near panic to enter many homes.

Although the local police, aided by a large force of private detectives, the best that money can procure, have been earnestly at work on the case since Sunday, not a clue has been developed to indicate a solution of the mystery. A colored man was taken into custody on Sunday because his presence at the fire seemed out of the ordinary, but a careful study of his movements completely eliminated him from the case. In fact, he was not seriously suspected, but his case was looked up in order to eliminate every possible contingency. In addition to the police and private detectives, a number of expert crime investigators from the metropolitan newspapers have been in the city for several days. Many of them have had wide experience in criminal matters, but all consider themselves baffled. An effort is now being made to show that Mr. McLeish could have first killed his wife and then himself, although the first reports appeared to conclusively bar any such possibility. It then seemed, and still seems to many, that the injuries found on the body of McLeish could not have been self-inflicted. In support of this theory, the argument is advanced that McLeish had not been well for several days but had appeared nervous and depressed. He was a World War veteran, who saw active service overseas. The argument is advanced that he became suddenly insane, killed his wife, set fire to the house, and then hurled himself against an iron radiator, on which it has been claimed blood spots have been found. There are many features of the case that are hard to reconcile to this solution, and it would be difficult to make the public and especially the friends of the young couple accept it. On the other hand, there are many facts that seem to weigh against any solution. The question as to how the murderer entered the house, how he left, what weapon he used, and what became of him afterward, seem insurmountable. It is not impossible that the case may go down into history as an unsolved mystery, with nothing but theories to solve the problem.

It was soon after daylight last Sunday morning that a gardener on a nearby estate, while starting for church, saw flames coming out of the little cottage on the garden plot of Mrs. Paul FitzSimons. He made an effort to enter the house and arouse the occupants, but without success, and then sent a telephone message from the next house, asking for the fire department. A still was first struck and when the Combination arrived box 514 was sounded. The firemen burst in the door and found the house filled with smoke, which for a time prevented them from entering the bedroom. When they succeeded in forcing their way there, the body of Mrs. McLeish was found on the bed terribly burned. At first it was supposed that she was a victim of the fire only. Then the husband was found on the floor of the bathroom. He was apparently still alive when brought out and was hurried to the hospital in the car of Chief Kirwin, but life was found to be extinct upon his arrival.

Further examination showed that the head of Mrs. McLeish had been crushed by a blow from a heavy instrument, administered with terrific force. Mr. McLeish appeared to have several injuries about the head, which it appeared could not have been self-inflicted. When these discoveries were made, the police immediately turned every effort toward a solution of the problem. Autopsies were held, and it was shown that Mrs. McLeish died immediately from the effects of the terrific blow on the head, there being no smoke in her lungs, proving conclusively that she had ceased to breathe before the fire. On the other hand, while Mr. McLeish was terribly injured, his lungs were filled with smoke and the immediate cause of his death was suffocation. In addition to the terrible injury to her head, Mrs. McLeish was badly burned, the lower portion of her legs being entirely consumed by fire.

There was also some uncertainty as to exactly how the fire was started. The worst of it seemed to be directly under the bed, the floor having burned away so that one portion of the bed sagged through the ceiling. It was suggested that the murderer carried coals from the kitchen stove and scattered them around the bed. A careful investigation of the wiring showed that it was in perfect condition and that the fire could not have started from that source.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul FitzSimons were in New York at the time of the tragedy and hurried to Newport immediately upon being notified, reaching here Sunday evening. They immediately took steps to help solve the mystery of the tragedy and engaged the best detective talent available. They offered the use of their residence for the funeral services, but it was deemd advisable to hold them in Emmanuel Church.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeish were very well known throughout the city, and there is no reason to believe that they had an enemy in the world. Mr. McLeish was a son of Mr. and Mrs. James C. McLeish, Jr., and a grandson of the late James McLeish. Following the family tradition he had learned the gardener's profession, and had recently been appointed head gardener on the estate of Mrs. FitzSimons. He was one of the first to go from Newport into the National army, and saw active service in many engagements overseas. He was a man of sterling qualities, highly esteemed by all who knew him. His home life was ideal, and the young couple were very happy and well contented. It was said, however, that for a few days Mr. McLeish had not appeared to be entirely well, and that his wife had shown a slight inclination to worry about his condition. He was a member of St. Paul's Lodge of Masons.

Mrs. McLeish was the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Sampson. She was a most charming young woman with a wide circle of friends. She was formerly employed in the jewelry store of the late Grace C. McLeish, who was an aunt of her husband. She was absolutely devoted to her husband.

On the evening before the tragedy, Mr. and Mrs. McLeish had been up in the center of the city, and attended a picture show, a feature of which was a war tragedy. They returned to their home, probably about midnight, and Mr. McLeish attended to his fires as usual, and everything was apparently in its usual condition about the house. The doors and windows were certainly secure when the firemen arrived, but that does not prove that there had not been an intruder, as the doors were equipped with spring locks which could easily have been secured when the murderer passed out of the house.

Since this tragedy was discovered, many other mysterious occurrences of the last few months have been called up, as having some possible connection with this terrible affair. A peculiar occurrence in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Eppley has been given considerable publicity lately, although at the time of its occurrence it passed unnoticed by the general public. Last August a maid employed in the residence was found in her room suffering from an injury to her head. She was hurried to the Newport Hospital where Dr. Stewart performed an operation, and she was able to return to her duties in due time. Other employes of the house believed that she suffered a nightmare and fell against something that inflicted the injuries. At any rate no sign of an intruder was discovered, even though she cried out when injured and others rushed to her assistance at once. But since the tragedy of last Sunday this incident has been brought up as being possibly a similar attack to that that resulted in the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. McLeish. There have also been other mysterious occurrences in the southern section of the city, shots have been fired at automobiles during the past summer. The police and detectives are studying everything that may possibly have had a bearing on the latest murder.

A double funeral was held for Mr. and Mrs. McLeish last Tuesday afternoon. The services were held in Emmanuel Church, and were conducted by the rector, Rev. Francis K. Little, and Rev. Mr. Mowery, minister of the Channing Memorial Church. Long before the hour set for the funeral, the church was crowded to the doors and many who were unable to gain admission stood about the grounds. St. Paul's Lodge of Masons was represented by its officers, and there was a large delegation from Aquidneck Chapter, of the Eastern Star, of which both Mr. and Mrs. McLeish were members. Newport Post of the American Legion had a large representation. There was a magnificent display of flowers, coming from organizations and individuals, many being made up by the gardeners on the large estates, who had long been closely associated with Mr. McLeish and his family.

The interment was in one grave in the Island Cemetery. The Masonic ritual was conducted over the grave of Mr. McLeish and a detail of soldiers from Fort Adams fired three volleys, followed by the sounding of taps on the bugle.

During the services at the church and at the grave the police and detectives were everywhere mingled with the crowd, alert for a suspicious action or word that might indicate the presence of the murderer. While the majority of the large number in attendance were drawn by their love for the unfortunate young couple, there was the inevitable attendance of the morbidly curious whom such a tragedy always attracts.

ST. PAUL'S LODGE

The annual communication of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., was held on Thursday evening with a large attendance of members. At 6.30 the annual supper was served in the large hall of the Masonic Temple, the service being by the wives and daughters of the members of the Lodge, who afterwards enjoyed a theatre party.

R. W. J. Irving Shepley, District Deputy Grand Master of the Seventh Masonic District, presided over the election and installed the officers, assisted by W. Fred W. Johnstone as Master of Ceremonies. Following the installation the retiring Master, Robert G. Biesel, was presented with a jewel emblematic of his rank, by the new Master, in behalf of the Lodge.

The new officers of the Lodge are as follows:

Worshipful Master—Alvah H. Sanborn.

Senior Warden—William A. Perkins.

Junior Warden—George F. Ward.

Treasurer—George B. Austin.

Secretary—Thatcher T. Bowler.

Chaplain—Stanley C. Hughes.

Senior Deacon—William A. Peckham.

Junior Deacon—Alister I. MacIver.

Senior Steward—W. Ladd Moody.

Junior Steward—Roland L. Barratt.

Musical Director—T. Frederick Harry.

Marshal—Robert C. Ebbs.

Sentinel—Augustin C. Titus.

Tyler—James G. Swinburne.

Relief Committee—The W. Master, Arthur J. Ober and Orin M. Alger.

Finance Committee—John P. Peckham, Edward A. Sherman.

Member Masonic Corporation—Dudley E. Campbell.

The competitive drill between the Drill Corps of Washington Commandery of this city and Godfrey de Bouillon Commandery of Fall River will take place in Fall River early in March, the date having been changed from that originally set. Both organizations are drilling regularly and the men will be on their toes when they go on the floor. Arrangements will be made to take a large number of loyal followers by special conveyances from Newport.

The Island District Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was held in the First Presbyterian Church in this city on Thursday, sessions being held in the morning and afternoon, with a luncheon at noon. The principal speakers were Mrs. Ethelyn H. Roberts, president of the State Union, and Mrs. Lucien O. Appleby, both of whom delivered stirring addresses. Mrs. Lillian Borden was elected president of the Convention.

Workmen engaged in renovating the old Perry homestead on Touro street, now owned by the Salvation Army, have discovered some interesting old relics in the form of fireplace fittings which are apparently of considerable antiquity.

Two well known attorneys, Messrs Edward J. Corcoran and John P. J. Nolan, are considerably bruised as the result of a head-on collision while engaged in a game of basketball.

SAMUEL R. HONEY

Autobiography of a Distinguished Newport Lawyer and Statesman Now Residing in London, in His 81st Year

(Continued)

My life in the army covered a period, approximately of ten years—August 22, 1860 to October 7, 1870. The preceding pages relate to about one-half of this time, the other half (about five years) remains. Care must be taken that a similar length of time shall not be consumed in narrating its events.

The death of Lincoln in 1865 was a great calamity to the whole country. The chief sufferer was that part of it which had been in rebellion. His successor was not a great statesman. He had been at one time a member of the party which had declared its opposition to the war and, although what was known as "War Democrat," was not wholly trusted by those who had been charged with its conduct. The War Secretary (Stanton) remained in that position for some time after Lincoln's death. He was strongly loyal to the flag and favored coercive measures in the South. To him it was, no doubt, due that concentration of troops at various strategic points in the Southern states were effected and maintained for some time after the surrender of the Southern army at Appomattox.

And so it was that in January, 1866, the Headquarters of the 1st Battalion of my regiment (re-organized and re-fitted) under command of its senior Captain, Peter J. Swaine, a West Point graduate, who had been a Colonel of Volunteers (the 99th Ohio) during the war, with four companies of the Battalion (of which I was still the Adjutant) was ordered to proceed to Mobile, Ala., there to join other portions of the regiment which had been sent there (soon after the surrender) from Lookout Mountain. The voyage from Fort Adams to New Orleans in the Evening Star was a tempestuous one. We ran into a gale off Cape Hatteras which drove us a great distance into the Atlantic. I am afraid to record the length of the voyage; a treacherous memory tends to be a magnifier. We had, on board, a young West Point cadet who is, I believe, still living. He and I met at dinner on the day of our arrival in New Orleans. His father was at the time (and long after) a distinguished member of the medical profession practising in New York, although born in Mississippi. Our host at dinner was a Southerner to whom I had a letter of introduction from a lady then living in Newport although also a Southerner. That young cadet afterwards graduated with great distinction and held high rank in the army. Our host had resided in New Orleans during the war although he was not in sympathy, I think, with the secession views of his fellow-citizens.

We reached our destination on Government street, Mobile, from New Orleans by steamer across Lake Pontchartrain. Almost all my regiment was now encamped there in a body and its Lieutenant Colonel, Samuel K. Dawson, was sent to command. He was a strict martinet who had not served with the regiment during the war. I was now very near the top of the list of first lieutenants and my brevet of captain did not save me from the severe duties which the commanding officer saw fit to impose on the "youngsters," of whom there were only four present for duty.

It had been intimated to me that my services would be required outside the regiment if I were no longer battalion adjutant. So, on February 9th, 1866, I resigned my adjutancy and took command of my company for a few days, after which my duties were until the end of my service, in the main, those of Judge-Advocate to General Courts Martial and Military Commissions of which I had already had some experience. By way of explanation I may say that a Judge-Advocate is the prosecuting officer of the court and that in the American Army in my day, a Military Commission was a court of army officers convened for the trial of offences against State law.

On February 1st, 1866, such a Commission was assembled by the Commanding General of the Department of the Alabama (Charles R. Woods) for the trial of a number of men who were charged with seizing and appropriating a vessel loaded with cotton on the Tombigbee River. This was my first case after my arrival in Mobile. The result was the conviction of the defendants (some 10 or 15 in number) and their sentence to a long term of imprisonment. They were defended by able counsel and the trial compelled me to read up the law of evidence in criminal trials and such portions of Alabama law as related to the offence charged. Other similar trials of citizens followed and I began to have experiences which were valuable to me. It is proper that I should say here that these criminals did not belong to those classes which are usually on the side of law and order; the scum of a community is apt to rise to the surface after the close touch of a great war and the disorderly elements of the South—such as exist in all countries—tried to assert themselves after the Civil War until the federal arm was interposed to repress them.

My duties as Judge-Advocate, however, did not absorb all my time. There were intervals between the organizations and sessions of the Courts or Commissions during which my ordinary duties as a company officer claimed my service. Thus I was for a time on duty with my company (and incidentally Post-Adjutant) at Forts Morgan and Gaines at the mouth of Mobile Bay, at Battery Gladden in the harbour and (having been promoted to a Captaincy in the 33rd Infantry May 21st, 1867) at Dahlonega, Ga. In the meantime, the duty of a Judge-Advocate took me to Mobile, Macon, Nashville, Louisville, and Atlanta and other cities.

In May, 1867, being stationed with my company at Dahlonega, seniority in rank placed me in command of that post, which included sixteen counties in the north-eastern part of the State of Georgia, a more or less turbulent region, of which the town of Dahlonaga with its gold mines and branch mint was the centre, for the policing of which there were two companies of my regiment and a small detachment of cavalry. Information having reached me that there was to be a trial of some importance to the country-side in a village known as Knucklesville, three or four miles from Dahlonega, it seemed to me to be advisable to be present. At the luncheon hour, while we were all in the hotel, sounds of firing reached us and we all rushed to the scene of action outside the hotel. There we found the litigants shooting at each other. My two cavalrymen were on the ground and I ordered each to cover a combatant with his carbine and then directed the belligerents to drop their pistols and to get into my ambulance, which was rapidly driven off to Dahlonega. The litigation having been thus interrupted, I do not know what ultimately became of it. My only relation to it was the preservation of order. There were other similar breaches of the peace, all of which were, of course, duly reported to the Commanding General of the "Third Military District" at Atlanta, who was Major-General John Pope, famous as the commander of the Union Forces at the second battle of Bull Run, in which "Stonewall" Jackson was his successful opponent.

Not long after, an order was received, detaching me from my company and command and directing me to report to the commanding general in person, who, thereupon placed me on his staff in the Judge-Advocate's Department in which I served from September 10th, 1867, until October 9th, 1868, on which date I was ordered to rejoin my company, then stationed at Mobile with other companies under comand of Major John D. Wilkins. In the meantime, Major General Pope had been succeeded by Major General George G. Meade, the General who commanded the Union Forces at the battle of Gettysburg.

I cannot help regarding my service on the staff of these two Generals as in itself a distinction of no small value. At that time they represented from a political standpoint, two different views of the proper treatment to be accorded to the erstwhile seceding states (which views in no wise concerned me, my role being simply to obey orders); General Pope regarded them (for the time being at least) as conquered provinces, while General Meade took the broader view that in due time (and the sooner the better) they must be restored to their position of sister states. Each of these standpoints was tenable, as I need not say. General Pope to his staff was most kind and considerate and his manners perfect. When an officer in his military district committed an assault upon an ex-Confederate officer who was a prisoner, an assault which was followed by the death of the prisoner, he brought the assaulting officer to trial, first by Court Martial and then by Military Commission, because there had been an offense against both the military and the civil jurisdictions. Strict justice was meted out by both tribunals.

General Meade was of the old school of army officer. Hating the particular work to which he had been assigned, he was, from the first, anxious to bring it to an end as speedily as possible. He set up and maintained as friendly a relation with the people of Atlanta as his position of commander of the five states of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida, comprising the 3rd Military District, would permit; the citizens of those states regarded him with greater admiration than did his staff officers, among whom, however, he had some great admirers (Drum—afterwards Adjutant-General—and Barstow, for instance).

(To be continued)

Newport had another wild night Wednesday, a storm of marked intensity passing over the city. Starting with snow, the precipitation quickly changed to rain, and the accumulated snow soon disappeared from the streets. The rain fell in torrents during the night and high winds prevailed. In many places the autoing was very precarious, layers of bare ice being disclosed by the melting of the snow.

At the trial of the colored man, Cecil Victor Brown, charged with the murder of Dr. C. Franklin Mohr in August, 1915, a large number of exceptions were noted by counsel for defendant, and sentence was therefore not imposed, but Brown has remained in jail ever since. The Supreme Court has now handed down a decision overruling the exceptions.

The annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society will be held in the rooms of the Newport Historical Society next Monday evening. A proposition to change the name of the Society will be acted upon.

Mrs. James P. Cozzens left Newport last Saturday for New York as the first step on her tour around the world. She will probably return to Newport in the early summer.

The Joy of Living

by Sidney Gowing

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her austere aunt, Lady Erythea Lambe, at Jervaulx abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lambe, Aimee, vivacious daughter of the Very Reverend Viscount Scroope, is in a rebellious mood.

CHAPTER II.—She wanders into the park, there encountering a strange youth in trouble with a motorcycle. He laughingly introduces himself as "Billy," American. The two cement the acquaintance by a ride on the motorcycle, the "Flying Sphinx," and part. With Georgina Berners, her cousin, Aimee sets out for Jervaulx. On the way she decides that Georgina shall impersonate her at Jervaulx, while she goes on a holiday. Georgina's horrified protest is unavailing.

CHAPTER III.—Happy in her new freedom, Aimee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives hers as Amy Snooks, at present "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into partnership in selling the Sphinx. In a spirit of madcap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottage.

CHAPTER IV.—That night Aimee visits Georgina and learns that the deception has not been discovered. By her dominant personality she compels Georgina to continue the subterfuge.

CHAPTER V.—On a trial spin next day on the Sphinx, with Billy, Aimee almost collides with a carriage in which are her aunt, Georgina and Alexander. The pair escape unrecognized.

CHAPTER VI.—Georgina learns that Lord Scroope is coming to visit Lady Erythea and, realizing what will happen on his arrival, is in hopeless bewilderment.

CHAPTER VII.—While Aimee is secretly visiting Georgina at Jervaulx, the place is burglarized. Aimee escapes.

CHAPTER VIII.—Georgina learns, with much relief, that Aimee has got away.

CHAPTER IX.—Police Inspector Panke decides that the robbery is the work of "Jack the Climber" and "Calamity Kate," noted thieves, who travel on a motorcycle.

CHAPTER X.—Billy, aware of his "partner's" nocturnal haunts, is troubled. He follows her, on the Sphinx, to Jervaulx. He hears the commotion, at once suspects burglary, and follows two figures on a motorcycle who are apparently in a desperate hurry. Cornering the pair, Billy knocks out a man who attempts to shoot him, picking up a package the fellow had dropped. He discovers the other fugitive to be a woman. Stopping to aid her, she strikes him with a stone, rendering him unconscious, and the pair escape.

CHAPTER XI

Confession.

It was very dark and very quiet at the lane's end when Billy at last stirred, and, after an interval of slowly returning consciousness, managed to raise himself dizzily to a sitting position.

He pressed his hands to the side of his head and remained for awhile motionless, conscious of a damp warmth under his left palm. His eyes dwelt on a white, chalky stone, as big as a doubled fist, that lay on the grass beside him. Events began to reconnect themselves in a brain that still buzzed faintly.

"A granite skull," murmured Billy, not without a touch of pride, "isn't altogether a disadvantage in an argument."

He looked about him thoughtfully. Not far away something gleamed in a rut—a small repeating pistol. His late opponents had evidently left in too much of a hurry to take an inventory of their effects.

"She must have dropped that when the machine crashed," thought Billy. "She loosed it at me when I was riding up. Lucky for me she hadn't it just now. Some girl!"

He heaved himself to his feet unsteadily, made for a ditch where there was a glitter of water, and bathed the tender side of his head. The water revived him; save for a cut under his hair, no serious damage was done, though the blow might easily have cracked a weaker skull.

"I don't see that I shine much, over this job," said Billy despondently; "they sure handed it to me. Got right under my guard. Never thought of a woman sharing in a hold-up; an' yet I guess it's been done before."

He picked up the pistol, was about to pocket it, but altered his mind and flung it in the ditch. The other automatic was nowhere to be seen. Billy walked towards the Sphinx, the headlamp of which was now in darkness. His hand swung against a large lump projecting from the side of his coat. He halted and dragged out the leather case. Billy had forgotten its existence.

"Why, here's something saved from the wreck!" he exclaimed. "They couldn't have seen me get it!"

He dropped on one knee, opened the case, and switched the little electric torch over it.

Billy gave a stifled gasp. On a bed of cream silk velvet reposed a necklace of amethysts, ending in a loop of nine superb emeralds that shone with changing green fires under the torch's glow. Billy was not an expert in gems, but he guessed that these were such as a prince might be proud to own.

"This is the darnedest game I ever was up against," he said dazedly, returning the case carefully to his pocket.

He made a rapid examination of the Sphinx, and at once became aware of Calamity Kate's handiwork. In spite of the best intentions, however, that enterprising lady had overestimated the vulnerability both of Billy's skull and his motorcycle. She had done some damage, but had missed the more vital parts of the Sphinx. After ten minutes' work Billy's capable hands [illegible] the machine to fair running order, and he rode away down the lane. Both lamps were out of action.

Any further pursuit of the thieves he put aside as a useless proposition. He had a vague idea that they had gone hours ago; in fact, however, he had not been unconscious more than a few minutes.

"There's only one thing to do," said Billy, "an' that's—"

A disconcerting thought flashed through his mind. The bumping of the jewel-case against his side suggested it.

"Gee!" he murmured, "I'm Little Boy Blue, all right. But if I was to run against the cops now, it'd take a heap of explanation before they slugged me. My story'd look pretty thin. Jewel-case—motorbike—it only wants one item to complete the outfit!"

He turned on to the high road, rapidly resolving on a plan of action as he rode. It was a good plan, but a few moments later it was hopelessly upset again. He was, as it happened, nearer to Stanhoe than to Jervaulx abbey, and as he turned in the direction of the latter Billy became aware of someone running toward him along the road—a dark figure, with a peculiar moving gleam of whiteness about it. He stopped the Sphinx immediately and thrust out his feet to steady himself.

The dark figure checked in its stride, hesitated, and seemed about to bolt back again.

"Partner!" cried Billy in amazement. "Is that you?"

The reply was a wild gasp. Aimee, breathless, muddy, with an appreciable breadth of white cambric showing at the base of her skirt, rushed up to him and seized his arm.

"Billy! Oh, I'm so glad—I'm so glad!" she panted. "Billy, I—I'm in an awful mess! The absolute limit!"

"How! Why?"

"I was in a house—and it was burgled"—gulped Aimee, struggling for breath "they thought it was me—and I scooted—they're chasing me."

It was not a vividly lucid explanation. But Billy's intelligence department connected with it at once; it supplied the missing factors. Before he could answer, a pair of lights flashed into view far down the road, approaching at speed.

"Car!" exclaimed Aimee, and with a note of panic—"Billy, suppose it's police? If so, they'll be looking for me!" She made a dash for the pillion of the Sphinx. "Get me out of this, Billy—start her quick!"

"Not on your life!" said Billy swiftly. "That's the last thing on earth for you now. Come with me."

He ran back fifty yards along the road to a field gate. In a few moments he had it open, thrust the Sphinx through, let her fall behind the hedge, and dragged Aimee with him into the ditch. They had hardly gained that cover when the car swept by with a roar, showing a glimpse of police helmets scudding past the low rampart of thorn fence. The majesty of law and order, sweeping inexorably through the night. A rattle, a hoot, and it was gone.

In the ditch there was painful silence. Billy mechanically felt his bulging pocket, glanced for a moment at the Sphinx, and then stared blankly at Aimee.

"Close call, partner," he observed.

"I thought it must be they," said Aimee breathlessly. "I wonder they haven't called out the military as well. All the countryside seems to be chasing me! Billy!" she said, with a suspicious tremble in her voice, "you'll help me, won't you? I'll tell you about it. I—I've kept it from you, but I won't any longer. I—"

Billy laid a hand on her arm.

"Amy," he said quietly, "just repeat this piece to yourself. Say: 'I'm safe, my partner's lookin' after me.' Got that? I'll see you through; you've nothin' to worry for at all. But we can't talk here. We've got to beat it."

He picked up the Sphinx.

"Follow close after me, an' keep quiet."

He wheeled the machine along the field path at a run, passed through another gate, crossed a stretch of heathery common-land, and made for a small copse at the foot of the slope. Aimee trotted behind silently, with an odd sense of relief and security. Billy would see it through. He had said so. He halted by the copse, and looked round to make sure of his bearings.

"It ought to be close handy here," he said. "Yes—I've got it."

He pushed on to a small bosky dell which led into a series of old craglpits, masked with brambles. Aimee wondered how he could find his way so confidently in the dark; she had not the remotest idea where she was.

"Wait here a minute. I'll come back for you," said Billy.

He wheeled the Sphinx away along a scarcely visible path, and presently returned without it.

"I was fooling around here on an off day, first time I came to Stanhoe," he said, "an' I lit on something that's goin' to be mighty useful. The o'd Sphinx has got to disappear for a bit, an' you'll soon understand why. Follow behind; there's only room for one at a time."

He led the way through the brambles and, pressing ahead, turned on the light of his pocket torch cautiously. Aimee, close at his heels, presently found herself in the entrance of a sandy cave with a very small mouth, screened by rough creeper and brush.

"There's several of these around here," said Billy, "but this is one you don't find unless you hunt for it with a sounding pole. It's a heap quieter spot than the high roads tonight. Suppose we sit down."

They seated themselves on the powdered crag in the cave's mouth.

"It's time to show down our hands, partner," said Billy. "Do you mind putting me wise? Don't leave anything out. I want the facts."

Aimee was silent some moments. She found it difficult to begin.

"It was like this, Billy."

She plunged into the tale, and went through it from beginning to end—leaving out nothing. It took some time. She could hardly see Billy in the gloom. He made no comments; he was so silent that sometimes she wondered if he was there. Billy was, for a time, too flabbergasted to speak.

At the finish, she heard a stifled, grunting noise, a sense of something shaking. It seemed to touch a spring in Aimee. She bowed her head on her knees and laughed till her cheeks were wet.

"Haven't I torn it!" she moaned. "And I downed Cousin Alexander—and the butler's got yards of my skirt!"

Billy wiped his eyes with his sleeves.

"An' you can laugh," he said, with intense delight, "after all that! Gee, but you're the stuff! Sand right through. You're all right. As long as you can laugh, the Red Gods'll stand by you! An' so will I. I'm one of 'em."

"Billy! There's nothing but you between me and those beastly police.

Aimee Gave a Little Cry.

But I'll bet it's enough. What's to be done?"

"Hear my side of it!" said Billy, dropping on his knees and producing the jewel case. "Here's the first item!"

He opened the case and shone the torch upon it. Aimee gave a little cry. Billy explained briefly how he had come by the gems. He said little about the struggle; that point was as sore as the side of his head. The best of us have our pride.

"One of them knocked me out for a spell, and like a fool I let 'em get away," he said. "I guess I didn't get all the goods, but this looks like an ace flush to me."

"How splendid you are!" cried Aimee, a catch in her voice. "Why, those will be the Lambe emeralds. I've heard of them—everybody has. They belong to my Aunt Erythea!"

"Then I shouldn't wonder if they scooped the Jack-pot. But there's some high cards out against us. See here. We had to run for it. Here's the police prancin' over the country after a man and a woman on a motorcycle—for I guess they must be wise to it. Here's me with the stuff in my pocket, and you with a dress sample in the hands of the sleuth-hounds. Been the station-house for ours, if they'd got us just now—an' there'd be too much explaining to do. We'd have hit the cells for the night, sure. No place for you, partner. And all the newspapers spreading themselves over it."

"I know. It's f-fearful!"

"Not a bit!" cried Billy. "For now you can get in ahead of the cops. Don't you see? Put your folks wise to it—lay down all your cards. You're Lord Scroope's daughter—you ain't a burglar. Give it them straight. I'll stand by an' see you through."

"But—I can't, Billy! It'll all have to come out, then. Every bit of it," said Aimee with a gasp.

"Why, of course it will! It was bound to come out anyway, soon or late. You didn't think you could keep up this Jervaulx racket? I don't see any way you could do that. But you can keep it in the family. You've got to face the music."

There was a long pause.

"I—can't," said Aimee, scarcely audibly.

Billy was amazed. If it had not been so dark—and an incredible supposition in any case—he would have supposed from her voice that she was crying.

"You aren't afraid?" he said wonderingly.

"Of a row? No! It isn't that."

Billy sat down beside her.

"What is it then, partner?" he said gently.

"I never thought of it—till Georgie told me," said Aimee in stifled tones.

"Told you what?" he answered quietly. "What's the trouble?"

"About staying there. I—Ivy cottage!"

Billy moved slightly.

"I—I don't quite get you," he said.

"I can't tell Dad!" Aimee put her hands over her eyes and burst into tears. "I daren't! Billy, what am I to do!"

CHAPTER XII

A Gambler's Chance.

Billy stared straight before him. When at last he found his voice, it had so dazed a tone that Aimee hardly recognized it. He laid a hand on her shoulder.

"This thing's got me guessing," said Billy slowly. "I—I don't know what—"

"Of course, you never thought twice about it. And no more did I!" said Aimee. "I didn't care! And I don't care now! or, I wouldn't if it wasn't for Dad. But people—it's all this miserable sentiment — that's, what's wrong."

"Yes?" said Billy dizzily. "Well—"

"And now—why, the police are looking for a man and woman on a motorcycle, and they'll find out we were at Ivy cottage. They'll get my description. And even when they find out who I really am—"

Billy drew in his breath sharply.

"Georgie told me it was my finish—even before this silly burglary happened," continued Aimee, gloomily. "Georgie knows about these sort of things. It isn't the burglary that matters. I could get over that. It's this—this other thing."

Billy was silent.

"The idea is," continued Aimee, with the same remarkable calm, "that I've lost my character, like a housemaid that's been stealing, or a groom caught selling the corn. Only I haven't been caught—yet.

"But—if Dad knew! You don't know my father, Billy. I couldn't explain him to you. Dad is just about the dearest thing that ever lived—in his way. But he belongs to a time about two hundred years back. Mother would understand, but not Dad. It's his creed that a girl mustn't be even—suspected. It was only tonight Georgina told me, this thing would—well, it would break his heart. And I know him; I see she's right. If you and I—"

"Stop!" said Billy hoarsely. "Don't say any more. I—I've got to think this thing out."

Aimee found that he had suddenly left her. Presently she become aware of the outlines of his big figure, standing motionless just outside the cave. He was there quite a long time. Aimee sat where she was, twisting her handkerchief between her fingers. She felt very much calmer. The trouble, and the stress were now with Billy.

He came back, and stood over her.

"I'm a coyote," he said quietly. "What I need is a quirt laid across me. I've been a fool."

"Not a bit!" said Aimee quickly. "How should you know?"

"It was my business to know! There isn't any excuse. But—things are so different, where I come from. And I don't know anything about women. We think a lot of women, down my way, but we don't talk about them—much. Partner, this thing I've let you in for through my foolishness—it's broken me all up."

"Because I'm Lord Scroope's daughter?"

"No!" said Billy shortly. "He the curse if you were his housemaid. But it's up to me to see you clear—you and him, too. And I'll do it."

His voice was so confident that Aimee's trouble fell away from her, as a sun-ripened chestnut sheds its prickly husk.

"What are we to do then, Billy?"

"It seems to me," said Billy gently, "that the simplest way is the best way. Let's you an' me go to the old man. No use talkin' about it here. I'll put it straight for you, partner."

"No!"

"I hope I can make him see sense—even if he's two hundred years old, as you say. It's all my fault. It isn't yours—not one scrap of it. I won't say much—but come right along with me to your father now—an' leave the talking to me."

Aimee rose.

"Never! I won't have it, Billy!" she said desperately. "I don't know—I don't know what you might say. If it comes out I'm done for anyhow; I'm going to take the chance that it won't! There must be a way to stop it—there must be some way.

"It's my trouble—mine! And I won't have it given away."

Billy drew a quick breath and straightened himself.

"Right!" he said. "Those are the orders. I accept them. I s'pose a man can't give away a girl's secret, if she wants it kept. I know that much."

"Why, of course," said Aimee simply. "But will you please understand, Billy, that I'm not going to drag you into this. The best thing you can do is to get away out of it all. I shall manage all right. I don't want to—"

"Cut that out," said Billy very quietly. "It don't go." There was a pause. "I did think, for a while, it might be best—for you. But that's wrong. I've got to be right on hand, for I'll be wanted. Now hold on while I tell you what we've got to do."

"Yes?" said Aimee eagerly.

Billy stretched out a long arm, plucked a leaf from the bramble that screened the cave, and chewed it pensively.

"There's just a gambler's chance," he said at last. "It's pretty thin—like drawing to a three-card flush. But it's wonderful how they come out sometimes, if you back your luck, good an' full."

He flashed the torch round the walls of the cave.

"What d'you think of this place?"

"It's—snug."

"Snug!" echoed Billy admiringly. "That's you! It would give some women fits. But you've sand. Do you think," he added diffidently, "that you could make out here for a bit? Could you sleep here?"

"Certainly I could. Why, they'll never find me—!"

"Come up here," said Billy, leading the way along the cave, which turned in a long curve, narrowing to a very small space. At the end stood the Sphinx.

"She'll have to stay here, too. There's a bit of risk to that—but very little. We can't help it. In the pannier-case you'll find iron rations, a can-opener, biscuits, an' chocolate. I always carry those. Down the pit yonder, just by the alder bush, is a spring of water. That settles supplies.

"Now, the first deal is to keep you right out of the way. For a few hours, perhaps for a day or more—I can't say how long. But we've got to put up a bluff. And you'll be at least as safe here as anywhere in the British Isles.

"Our best chance is that the police may get the bracelets onto the real thieves right away. I'm not much stuck on that chance. Police, wherever you strike 'em, are—well, they're just police. We're in a lot more danger from them than that dead-beat who broke into Jervaulx, and the female rattlesnake he had along. The police mustn't get you, at any price. And—they mustn't get me either. Only there's more to it than that. Half a hundred things. There's a mighty tangled deal in front of me.

"Now, I'm going to sail right in. All you've got to do is lie here in this cache till about seven or eight o'clock. I'll be back here by then. If I'm not," said Billy quietly, "it'll be because I've fallen through. You bet your life I won't. But—if I don't get here by then, you must throw your hand in, just get straight to your father, best way you can. Do you promise that?"

"Y-yes! But tell me what you're going to do, Billy!" she said breathlessly.

"I can't tell you anything. I'll have to play the hand as it's dealt me; it just depends how the cards fall. And don't you worry any!" he said earnestly. "If you get doubtful or scary, just wash it right out of your mind, an' say this: 'Billy's running the thing for me, an' he'll see me through.' I'm off. Shake!"

With a sudden gesture Aimee put both her hands in his. He gave them a crushing grip, and broke into the sunniest smile.

"We sure are seein' life, partner!" he chuckled.

Aimee replied with a rather tremulous laugh. The next moment Billy had dropped her hands, and was gone.

Once clear of the crag-pits, Billy made for the road by another route. While climbing a gate he glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, and emitted a whistle of consternation. Aimee's account of herself was absorbing, but he did not realize till now what an unconscionable time they had spent in the cave. The night was nearing its close.

Billy avoided the roads. He struck right across country and reached Ivy cottage with as little loss of time as possible. But the eastern sky was rapidly lightening when he arrived. Entering the garden with extreme caution, Billy found everything quiet. He climbed the trellis deftly, and heaved himself through Aimee's window.

With a certain sense of embarrassment, Billy swept the walls with his torch, unhooked the blue dust-cloak that hung on the door, folded it small, and packed it inside his jacket. That was the main object of the expedition.

He also annexed a cake of soap, a towel and a brush and comb—these latter he had himself bought for Aimee at Syderford on the first morning. Billy again descended the trellis, raked over his footprints carefully, and with all possible speed shook the mud of Ivy cottage from his feet.

It was broad daylight when he had crossed the fields and came within sight of Jervaulx abbey. He hid the cloak and its accessories under a thorn bush, glanced at his watch again, seated himself under the hedge, and lit a cigarette.

He drew the jewel case from his pocket and examined the necklace, thoughtfully emitting puffs of smoke. Then he replaced the case in his pocket and finished his cigarette, his smooth forehead wrinkling into tiny lines. Finally he rose and walked briskly towards the entrance lodge of Jervaulx.

There was no electric bell in the great porch. He pulled a pendant handle of wrought iron, and was answered by an archaic clanging inside. After a brief pause the doors were thrown open by Tarbeaux the butler. He looked at Billy inquiringly.

"I want to see the proprietor—on urgent business," said Billy. "Is he up yet?"

"If you mean Lady Erythea Lambe," said Mr. Tarbeaux with dignity, "her ladyship has not yet risen."

"I am a stranger here," said Billy, "but what I want you to do is get a message to her ladyship that it will be worth her while to see me as soon as convenient. Say I've important news about some property that's missing from here."

Mr. Tarbeaux became more alert.

"Come this way," he said, and Billy followed him.

In less than ten minutes Lady Erythea arrived, pallid after her night of stress, but unconquerable, clad in a purple wrap. Billy turned to face that tremendous presence.

"What do you want to see me about?" she said sternly.

With his sunniest smile, Billy opened the leather case and laid before her the Lambe emeralds.

CHAPTER XIII

"Very Good, My Lady."

"Do these interest you, madame?" said Billy simply.

Lady Erythea stared as though the green gems hypnotized her. Then, with a little gasp of joy, she lifted them from the case with trembling fingers. It was one of the rare occasions of her life when Lady Erythea exhibited emotion.

She laid down the necklace and looked at Billy as one might regard a materialized angel. Before she could speak, however, Mr. Alexander Lambe entered the room.

It has been said that Mr. Lambe's eyes were large. They expanded indescribably when he saw the Lambe necklace lying on the table. He closed the door softly behind him, and approached the table in an awestruck manner.

He glanced from the emeralds to Lady Erythea's face, and then, somewhat sternly, at Billy.

"How did you come by these?" said Lady Erythea, pointing to the emeralds. Suddenly she presented the ear-trumpet at Billy. "Explain!"

The ear-trumpet startled Billy a little. He felt—so he declared to Aimee afterward—as if Lady Erythea had the drop on him. But his face, as he answered, was ingenuous as a baby's.

"I was passing by your park gates early this morning, on my way to Syderford. It was past one, an' the house was dark. When I got to the place where the lane turns into the road I heard a motorcycle coming up behind. I—I—for—coming mighty quick," said Billy, turning pink! "It came right by me, pretty near out of control. It hadn't any lights, there was a bend just ahead, an' I heard it crash."

Billy delivered this with a beautiful fluency into the ear-trumpet.

"I just ran in on them," pursued Billy. "For I didn't have to stop an' figure it out that an' outfit travelling that way with lights out at one in the morning was up to any good. They were just picking themselves up when I arrived, and they went for me—"

"Was it a man and a woman?" exclaimed Mr. Lambe.

"You've hit it, sir."

"My dear aunt!" cried Alexander, "the inspector told me, after you retired, that he suspected a man and a woman, on a motorcycle, of being the thieves! They can be no other than those people who ran into us yesterday on the Syderford road—"

"Hold your tongue, Alexander," interrupted Lady Erythea, impatiently, "and allow this amazing young man to continue!"

"There was some scrap," said Billy diffidently, "maybe if there'd been two men I'd have done better, but the lady hampered me, and somehow I took the count. They knocked me out, and got away. But they left this behind them," he pointed to the case of emeralds, "and it looks like they never knew they'd lost it. I don't know, madam, if there was anything else of yours they got. If so, I'm very sorry. I didn't attach it, and rope the two thieves for you as well. But with the pair of them, it was rather a roughhouse. I did my best."

There was a flush of admiration on Lady Erythea's high cheek-bones.

"Yes, there were other jewels stolen," she said, "but their value is the merest trifle compared to what you have restored to me. These emeralds are my most priceless family possession. They are historic—nothing could have recompensed me for the loss of them. Your conduct has been not only intelligent, but extraordinarily gallant. May I ask your name?"

"Spencer. William Spencer."

"Mr. Spencer, it is impossible for me to express my gratitude in words. I thank you most heartily for what you have done; it is fortunate for me the emeralds fell into such good hands. Let me say that I was about to offer a reward for information leading to the recovery of the jewels; a reward of—" Lady Erythea hesitated, and achieved an inward struggle—"one hundred pounds. But I must really ask you to accept a hundred and fifty."

Lady Erythea unlocked a desk, and produced a check-book. Billy flushed red.

"Madam," he said quietly, "the service I did you cost me nothing. I'm glad you have your jewels back. I'm a man who earns his living, but I don't accept gratuities. And people very seldom ever offer them to me."

Lady Erythea turned somewhat pink in her turn. She slid the check-book aside.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with some embarrassment, mingled with relief and a touch almost of annoyance. "It was the least I could do. You will accept no recompense?"

"None, madam. Anyway not in money."

"You are not English, are you?"

"American. And a Westerner, at that."

"Ah! You have done me a great service. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

Before Billy could reply, Mr. Tarbeaux opened the door.

"M'lady, Inspector Panke—"

Mr. Tarbeaux's gaze fell on the emeralds. He was very human for a butler, and it took him a fraction of a second to recover himself.

"Inspector Panke urgently desires to see your ladyship at once."

"Show him in here," said Lady Erythea grimly.

Billy did not move an eyelid. It seemed to him that Mr. Lambe's solemn eyes were watching him rather intently. Inspector Panke appeared. It was a great day in the Lambe emeralds' history. The Inspector was the fifth person in whom they caused intense emotion.

"Well, have you caught the thieves?" inquired Lady Erythea, acidly.

"No-no, my lady," stammered Inspector Panke, gazing at the necklace.

"Perhaps you had better enlist the services of Mr. Spencer," said her ladyship, with a wave of her hand toward Billy. "This young man has already found the emeralds and restored them to me."

"Then," said Panke, with a searching glance at Billy, "I should like a full account, at once, of how you came by the jewels."

"Sure," said Billy genially.

Mr. Lambe set chairs for them both. All four seated themselves; Lady Erythea, with an avid determination to keep abreast of affairs, held her ear-trumpet close to Billy and the policeman.

Billy repeated his tale with fu[illegible]

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THE JOY OF LIVING

Continued from Page 2

detail this time, and described, not without a twinge of embarrassment, his downfall at the hands of Calamity Kate. Lady Erythea's lips tightened grimly, the description did not surprise her. The inspector had his book before him and made careful notes. At the conclusion he regarded Billy pensively, and with a touch of envy.

"It's a pity you didn't hang on to them, when you'd got them in hand," said Panke. "But, of course, we know what Calamity Kate is."

"Who?" echoed Billy.

Panke described briefly the popular names of the two thieves, and what little was known about them.

"And now, Mr. Spencer, I have some questions to put to you—for the information of the police. This happened between one and two o'clock. It is now seven. What became of you in the meantime?"

Billy turned to the light and allowed Panke to inspect the wound on the side of his head, only partially concealed by his hair.

"If you'd had that," said Billy, "I guess you'd be lyin' on the grass yonder now."

"A severe cut," said the inspector, impressed.

"And you lay unconscious there till daybreak?" exclaimed Lady Erythea, with intense sympathy.

"It might have been a week, for all I knew when I woke up. When I'd got my senses back, an' made up my mind what to do," said Billy calmly, "I came along here."

"Didn't it occur to you," said Panke, "that the right thing to do was to go to the police?"

"No. It occurred to me the first thing to do was to get the stuff straight back to its owner."

"And perfectly right, too!" said Lady Erythea sharply.

"How did you know," persisted Panke, "that the necklace belonged here?"

Billy turned over the necklace and pointed to the little gold-enamel pend-

"A Severe Cut," Said the Inspector, Impressed.

ant that bore the Lambe arms in a lozenge.

"Those three sheepskins—" he began.

"Fleeces — fleeces, argent," murmured Mr. Lambe.

"—are the same brand as those on the shields over the lodge gates here, which I noticed as I came by. And the thieves were coming from this direction when I struck them."

"Mr. Spencer, not being a policeman, uses his common sense," interposed Lady Erythea with extreme acidity. "Are you suggesting that he stole emeralds worth a fortune, for the pleasure of returning them with thanks—besides wounding himself on the head?"

Mr. Panke heaved a heavy sigh.

"No, my lady, I am endeavoring to collect facts that may help in the tracing of the thieves." The inspector ran through his notes, detailing the information Billy had given him during the first part of the story. "Full name, William Spencer, on your way from Beechwell to Stanhoe railway station, intending to catch the 2:15 a. m. mail train to London, when you encountered the thieves about 1:30 a. m. Is that correct?"

"Precisely," said Billy, annealing the statements into his memory. It would not do to forget any of them. The thought of the work he was giving the Recording Angel caused him not a tremor. He was thinking only of Aimee, hiding in her cave behind the bramble bush. "Do you want me to come to the station house?"

"Not necessary," said the inspector, after a moment's hesitation, "but I want to know where you can be found immediately in case anything further transpires—and your testimony will be wanted if we apprehend the thieves." He avoided Lady Erythea's eye.

"Overseas club, London, will find me. I've quarters there."

The inspector made a note.

"What is your occupation?"

"Motor engineer."

"Engineer?" queried the inspector, glancing at his hands.

"Well, say motor mechanic," said Billy grinning, "and proud of it."

"Are you employed with any firm?"

"I am on my own at present."

Inspector Panke closed his notebook with a snap.

"I must return to my duties, your ladyship. I congratulate you on recovering the emeralds." He bowed gloomily to Mr. Lambe and darted at Billy a parting glance that said: "Young man, however little you desire to see me again, I shall find you when I want you. I am Inspector Panke."

The door closed behind him.

"It is a pleasure," said Lady Erythea grimly, "to reduce the self-esteem of that very fatuous person." She turned to Billy with increased interest. "You are, it seems, a motor mechanic. And out of employment. Would you care for a situation as chauffeur? I can offer you," said Lady Erythea, "four pounds a week, and all found."

Billy was submerged by two waves of emotion. The first was a strangled desire for laughter. The second, an instant determination to clutch at the offer, with its amazing possibilities and advantages that opened before him. Thought was a very solid thing with Billy.

"Done!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Alexander Lambe coughed.

"Say, 'yes, my lady!'" he murmured.

"Yes, my lady!" announced Billy, into the ear-trumpet.

"Very good," said Lady Erythea with satisfaction. "I engage you. I must warn you," she added with sudden caution, "that I had to discharge my last chauffeur for dishonesty—an offense that in your case is obviously impossible—and also for one still more revolting; I found him philandering most indecorously with one of my maid-servants." She fixed Billy with her eye. "I trust you have no such propensity as that."

"I should," said Billy indignantly, "as soon think of drinking a gallon of petrol."

"Precisely," said Lady Erythea with approval. "Then I should like you to enter upon your duties today. Say this afternoon. There are quarters for you over the garage, and the uniforms of the man I discharged. You will only be required to go out once this evening. At five-thirty—" Lady Erythea checked herself. "But I forgot. You will require a day or two's rest. You have had a strenuous night, your head is injured—"

"That doesn't amount to a skeeter-bite, my lady," said Billy quickly. "My head's all right. I can be ready by this afternoon."

"Very well, if you are sure. It will be convenient. My coachman is away for the day. I believe the two motors are in order. Take the smaller one, the Panhard luggage-car, and meet the 5:30 train at Stanhoe. There will be a young woman on the train. She is coming here as parlor maid. Bring her and her boxes. You understand?"

"Sure—very good, my lady," said Billy. "What's her name?"

"The name is immaterial. She is for Jervaulx. It is curious," added Lady Erythea impatiently, "how my memory fails me. I forget the woman's name. Alexander, you remember I spoke to you of this matter? The girl from Scroope, that I engaged on the recommendation of your uncle—she was in his service. The daughter of one of his keepers—Lord Scroope gave her an exemplary character, she is coming on a fortnight's trial."

"Snooks was the name you told me," said Mr. Lambe.

"To be sure. The young person's name is Snooks," said Lady Erythea to Billy. "That will preclude all possibility of mistake. I regret, Spencer, that you would not allow me to recompense you, but I have no doubt that I have acquired an excellent chauffeur. And now—you will be glad of a bath and a meal."

She rang for the butler, and gave him an order. Mr. Tarbeaux and Billy departed in each other's company.

Alexander Lambe breathed heavily.

"My dear aunt," he said, "you are a law unto yourself, and I have known you do some remarkable things. But is it wise to engage as servant a man of whom you know nothing, without character or references?"

"Alexander," said his aunt, "you almost betray imbecility. What better references could I have than the restoration of the Lambe emeralds and the refusal of a reward, when the man could have made a fortune for himself without any risk of detection?"

Mr. Lambe was dumb.

"That abominable creature Boxall," said Lady Erythea, "had unexceptionable references, and was chauffeur eighteen months to the bishop of Latchester. You know what his record was here." She turned upon Alexander. "Do you, a shepherd of men, pretend to say that you think that young man anything but absolutely honest?"

"I observed him, and I am certain he is honest," said Alexander after a pause. "But—er—his manner is very peculiar."

"We must make allowances," proclaimed Lady Erythea, "for the independence of the American. In theory I have always believed it detestable. Actually I find it not unattractive."

(To be continued)

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

"New" Rembrandt Found.

According to Dutch newspapers, a remarkable Rembrandt painting, the existence of which was previously unsuspected, has recently been discovered in Prague by Doctor Fell, an art critic.

The painting, 59 centimeters in height by 97 in width, is on wood and represents the marriage of Alexander the Great and Roxanna. It is said to be a splendid example of the great painter's wonderful mastery of light and shade.

Rembrandt's signature, a Persian inscription indicating the subject of the work, and the date, 1628, came to light after numerous coats of heavy varnish had been removed from the picture.

The Old Job Again.

Mike—I've been sacked, Pat!

Pat—Then what'll ye do, Mike!

Mike—I'll just go back to my former job.

Pat—An' what was that?

Mike—Lookin' for work, begorra!—London Answers.

TELL OF VICTORY

Inscriptions Record the Passage of Conquerors.

Ancient and Modern Times Connected by Tablets Put on Record in the Holy Land.

More than three thousand years ago on the face of a cliff in the Lebanon hills Rameses II, king of Egypt, ordered his stone carvers to inscribe a tablet setting forth his conquest of the land. The figures of the ancient Egyptian and his men are still visible. A few feet away one may see, carved in the same rock by a British stonecutter, a record of the coming in September, 1918, of Field Marshal Sir Edmund H. Allenby, G. C. B., commander of the allied forces in Asia Minor. And the passage of the centuries from B. C. 1300 to A. D. 1918 is recorded by various other carvings, in all not less than twelve, each describing the march of a victorious army.

The cliff selected for the carving of these historic records is at the mouth of the Dog river, ten miles northeast of Beirut in Syria. This strip of country lying between the Lebanons and Egypt has been the bridge between the ancient empires of the valley of the Nile and Mesopotamia, and over it have passed the armies of the ancient, medieval and modern worlds.

The narrowest point is where the Lebanon mountains come close to the sea and at this place Rameses II set the precedent of commemorating his conquests by hewing out a panel on the face of the cliff. These carvings are cut about four or five inches deep, from five to nine feet high, and from two to four and a half feet in width.

Several Assyrian conquerors led their armies through this pass, including the great Sennacherib, who threatened Jerusalem, but whose army was smitten by "the breath of the Lord."

Alexander the Great led his conquering hosts through the same defile on his way to Egypt, and Greek and Latin tablets tell of the conquests of the great kingdoms of southern Europe when the march of empire passed from Asia to Europe.

Coming down to recent history, a tablet tells of the coming of the army of Louis Napoleon in 1860, when the massacres in the Lebanons called for European interference and France first set her foot in Syria. Nearly sixty years passed by, and then the English army, led by General Allenby and assisted by the French, swept like a whirlwind from the south four years ago and ended the rule of the Turk in the southern part of the Levant.

A panel has been cut in the cliff near those of the ancient Egyptians, telling of that great victory and bringing the wonderful cliff record of history up to date.

Impulsive "Uncle Billy."

Uncle Billy Middlesworth, founder of one of the leading houses at the stockyards, was much beloved and respected, albeit in his later years he developed a highly nervous disposition and would occasionally jump to wrong conclusions. Once he got it in his mind that he had got the hot end of a trade with big, double-fisted Mike Sells, always square as a die and one of the most successful dealers at the yards. One morning Uncle Billy met Mike in the big corridor of the exchange and cut loose in his high-pitched, nervous voice. Such a clash of the "big fellows" at once drew a highly interested crowd. Sells listened with a grim scowl until Uncle Billy ran out of breath and bad names. Then he broke into a pleasant grin.

"All right, Uncle Billy, can you let me have a chaw?"

"Yes—you —— ——," replied Uncle Billy, his voice still trembling from his fast-fading rage, as he hauled an enormous "plug" from his hip pocket. "But I want you to understand I'm givin' it to you, not lendin' it. I wouldn't trust you that far, Mike. You—dear old scoundrel!"—by which time they were shaking hands and patting each other's backs.—Indianapolis Star.

Humidifying the Air.

Humidifying and deodorizing the air in a home, theater, hotel lobby and similar places, may be efficiently accomplished by the use of an appliance which operates as a miniature fountain. It resembles the now rather commonly seen electric fountains, except that instead of a score of water jets, it throws 50 fine sprays of perfumed water into the air. The height of these sprays is regulated by a small centrifugal pump, driven by a one-thirtieth-horsepower motor, which in turn is controlled by a rheostat. The entire outfit weighs only 15 pounds.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Death Rate Falls.

Figures for practically all states within the death registration area of the country show a decreased death rate in 1921. Taking account of the adjusted figures, the differences in the sex and age distribution of the population give Montana the lowest rate, 8.8 to 1,000 population, and Massachusetts the highest, 13.4. For cities of 100,000 or more population, Akron, O., had the lowest adjusted rate, 9.2, while Memphis had the highest, 19.

The Forgetting.

"I believe in forgetting injuries!"

"That's all right, to forget an injury; but don't forget that you have forgotten it!"—Wayside Tales.

Absent-Minded Brown.

Jimmy—Mr. Brown has left his umbrella here again! I do believe he would leave his head, if it were loose!

John—I dare say you're right! I heard him say only yesterday that he was going to Switzerland for his lungs!—Wheeler's Magazine.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ODD FORM OF RESIGNATION

Acceptance of Official Position Automatically Ejects Member From British Parliament.

In the cases of Arthur Henderson's and some other notable defeats in the English parliamentary elections the comment of English papers is to the effect that, as a matter of course, a seat will be found for the person defeated.

This means that some generous and supposedly important member of the party who has been elected will resign and that his constituency will be kind enough to elect the defeated man. The technical process of such a proceeding is odd and, to an American, amusing.

The elected member takes "the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds." That is, he accepts a commission as a royal official for the district once known as the Chiltern Hundreds, and, having done this, he can and must resign his membership in parliament, as a member cannot hold a royal commission of honor and profit.

Thereupon some one is elected in his place, and he forthwith resigns his appointment to the Chiltern Hundreds, an office which has no duties, but a nominal salary of 20 shillings, which makes it a "place of honor and profit," and hence is inconsistent with membership in the house, and the office is open for the next member who wants to resign.—From the Outlook.

SHE WANTED "CHOIR SINGER"

At Least That Is What Woman Asked for, but She Was Slightly Mixed.

While a squad of police in the charge of Sergeant Edward Helm was searching the home of a negro for "white mule" whisky several days ago, a knock was heard at the door. When the door was opened, Sergeant Helm found a colored woman waiting.

"I'm lookin' for a choir singer," the woman said.

"What do you mean—choir singer?" the sergeant asked. "Nobody living in this house goes to church."

"Oh, you know what I want—a choir singer," the woman exclaimed. "I've got a corn that needs attention immediately. A choir singer is what I'm looking for."

"You mean a chiropodist, don't you?" Sergeant Helm asked and the woman, smiling broadly, nodded her head.

Sergeant Helm pointed the way and the woman left in search of relief for her corn.—Indianapolis News.

Sonny Breaks In.

I had just moved into a new neighborhood where folks were inclined to be aloof and I wanted to make a good impression and make friends with the best people.

One day my little boy got wet playing in puddles, so I had to change his clothes before dinner. When half finished with my task I went into the other room to answer the phone.

When I returned my son was nowhere to be seen. I discovered him half a block away, dressed only in shoes and stockings. I started after him, and as he saw me he ran. Soon about a dozen people appeared and laughed as they saw me in pursuit of this scantily clad child.

Among the onlookers were three of the people I wanted so hard to make a good impression on.—Chicago Tribune.

Sea Changes Kill Fish Trade.

London.—The failure of the herring industry in the North sea during the last two years has been due to the fact that the ocean currents have changed their course, says the chairman of the Scottish fishery board.

The huge shoals of herring which once inhabited the North sea near the Scottish coast, almost have disappeared, and with them the living of scores of fisher folk.

This Singer Is a Whole Quartet.

London throat specialists are greatly interested in a man singer who is said to have a most unusual voice. The young man's name is Strathie Mackay, and he is employed as a cleaner at a bank in Threadneedle street. While Sir James Dundas Grant listened he sang in a tenor voice, a barytone, a falsetto and at last in a double voice, barytone and tenor simultaneously.

Although the two voices could be heard distinctly, the tenor voice predominated, and Sir James remarked that if Mr. Mackay could harmonize with the two and render the barytone with the same clarity and volume as the tenor the result would be startling.

The examination of Mr. Mackay's larynx showed that it was quite normal, and he said it did not strain him to use both voices at once.

"Roosevelt's Religion."

President Roosevelt writes Ethel an interesting account of a "rescue." Sloan, the secret service man, and he were en route to church when he saw two dogs chasing a kitten. He drove the dogs off with his cane while Sloan captured the "kitty." Then the President inquired from the smiling spectators if the cat belonged to them, but not finding an owner, he went down the block with the kitten in his arms until he saw "a very nice colored woman with a little girl looking out the window of a small house" and gave her the kitten. Then, straightening his clothes and brushing his silk hat, he went on to church in a better frame to "worship."—From "Roosevelt's Religion," by C. F. Reisner.

Study of Dreams.

Much valuable information as to the mental makeup of a child could be obtained from a study of his dreams, Dr. C. W. Kimmins, an English savant, recently declared during a discussion on psycho-analysis and education at a meeting of the British association at Hull. It would be interesting, he suggested, to hear from psychologists to what extent children's dreams could be used for school purposes. Doctor Kimmins emphasized the danger of extravagant hopes in regard to the use of psycho-analysis for educational purposes, which might lead to an infinite amount of harm.

Natural Pipe Line.

In the city of Bath, Maine, while workmen were busy recently quarrying out stone for a stone crusher, they uncovered, at a depth of about 20 feet from the surface a water conduit about three feet wide and two feet high. This conduit is in the solid ledge, has been opened up for a distance of 200 feet and is of uniform diameter the entire way. The four sides are corrugated deeply, showing that at some time water ran through it at great pressure. Many people have visited the interesting spot, as very few have ever before seen one of nature's pipe lines exposed.—Scientific American.

Much Good Sense in This.

The consciousness of clean linen is, in and of itself, a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience. A well-ironed collar or a fresh glove has carried many a man through an emergency in which a wrinkle or a rip would have defeated him.—E. S. Phelps.

The Chinese Bride.

On her wedding day the Chinese bride is clad in red and carried in a sedan chair covered with red. Any person who wishes may turn back the chair curtain and have a look at the bride.

Olives Derived From Spaniards.

The "Mission," one of the most popular varieties of the California olives, is said to be a direct descendant of trees which it was the custom of the early Spanish priests to plant at every mission.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 40 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

MUST USE SLANG WITH CARE

Author's Handling of Forceful Words of the Moment May Be Lost on Future Readers.

If authors who have passed beyond this vale of tears might return for a time and re-edit their works, they would probably eliminate many of the slang words which at the time of writing seemed so pungent and spicy. Other words that were slang at the time of writing the writer would want to leave unchanged, for perhaps now they are good colloquial English.

One of O. Henry's characters defines a "Man About Town" as a "fly guy that's wise to the all-night push." The newer generation would almost need footnotes to understand that. "Push" has virtually disappeared and "fly" seems old-fashioned. "Wise," in the sense that O. Henry's character used it, seems to be as vigorous as ever. The flavor has lasted.

There are words, once used as slang, whose flavors have lasted through generations until they have been placed in good standing in the language; words such as "prig," "mob" and "humbug."

No writer could give a faithful translation of current colloquial English without introducing much slang that will never live. A glossary will surely be necessary. It therefore behooves the authors to get their slang written correctly, or the glossaries attached to their work a hundred years from now will read unintended meanings into their words. A current instance of such a mistake is in Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt."

One of the characters, "Babbitt," is made to say, "I tip my benny to him!" Does he mean he will doff his "benny" and fight, or does he mean he'll tip his "kelly" to him, in token of respect? Everybody ought to know that "benny" means overcoat and not hat, and Mr. Lewis certainly meant to have his character exclaim that he would tip his hat, in admiration, to the other man; for the rest of the paragraph is a paean of praise. He should have said, "I tip my kelly—or lid—or dip—to him." But "benny" remains to puzzle the philologist of another century.

Only words that are actual shortcuts in expression seem to remain in the language. Their flavor lasts.—New York Sun.

"Dogmobile" as It Were.

The legless beggar who was haled to court recently when it was discovered that he passed his leisure moments having himself hauled around in a limousine made no more of a sensation than another legless man did at Grand Central terminal the other night as he sped across the polished floor to his train. He was seated on a four-wheeled, carpeted contraption which stood about five inches off the floor. At one side trotted a husky dog, strong chested and thick of haunch, apparently a cross between a pointer and a Scotch collie. The dog wore a stout leather collar from which hung a strap about the dimensions of the old-fashioned elevated car strap. The legless man clutched the strap and the dog trotted. Very simple locomotion and speedy. He steered his dogmobile by spoken word and the animated motor understood every command. The throng choking the concourse cheerfully fell back to make way for the unique traveler, who was hauled through the right gate by the dog to the right suburban train.—New York Sun.

Governments and Economy.

Charles M. Schwab said at a dinner in New York:

"The advocates of government ownership — government-owned railroads and mines and what-not—do not shout so loud since Russia showed the world how the idea has worked there.

"When Sir Eric Geddes was trying to introduce economies into England's government services last year, he often noticed, in a passage in Whitehall, a sentry in uniform. He asked the sentry one day what his duties were. The man said he was there to warn people not to touch the wall. He had been stationed there, issuing that warning, for ten years. Why? He didn't know.

"Well, Sir Eric Geddes investigated the matter, and he found that a war minister's wife had brushed her sleeve against wet paint on that wall 33 years before. A warning sentry stationed there that afternoon, had remained ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

Champion Walkers.

Haitian women are noted for being untiring walkers, and it is not unusual for a woman in that country to travel on foot a distance of 52 miles and back in one day.

Lenient Father.

A twelve-year-old London boy has made a gramophone all by himself. We are glad to hear that his kind father has freely forgiven the erring lad.—London Ideas.

Country's Backbone.

The ultimate greatness of a state must depend more upon the character of its country population than upon anything else.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Established 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, January 27, 1923

England wants fifty years in which to pay what she owes Uncle Sam, and allow him three per cent. interest on the deferred payments. Very liberal! We would all like to pay our debts that way.

The German mark, as we have before shown, has fallen to almost no value; but that is not the only foreign money that has depreciated in value. The French franc, nominally worth twenty cents, was selling in New York a short time ago for six cents.

Secretary of State Hughes will stick to his post. So says a Washington despatch, which is good news. Hughes is one of the ablest men in the country, and by far the best man in Harding's cabinet. Of course, many politicians of the Borah stripe don't like him. But that should make him more acceptable to the people at large.

A rum-running fleet of seventeen vessels has been discovered off the New Jersey coast. This is only one of the many fleets seen waiting off that coast. New Jersey is the paradise of rum-runners and boot-leggers. She enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the "wettest" state in the Union and rejoicing in that reputation.

A German scientist came to this country a short time ago with his pocket full of German money, upon which he expected to live for some months during his engagement in some scientific investigation. He found that he could get but seven dollars for his money, on which he lived for two weeks and then went home as a common sailor before the mast. He was lucky at that, for had he remained a short time longer his seven dollars worth of marks would have brought but two dollars.

They have just organized the American Tree Association, whose jurisdiction is nation wide. It is proposed to plant a million trees in 1923, and every one planting a tree can become a member of this Association. There are no cash dues and the only way a person can become a member of this society is by planting a tree. The object of this society is a good one, but it will take more than a million trees to make good the Christmas slaughter, to say nothing of the destructive forest fires every year, and the needless destruction of our forests in various and numerous ways.

The Great American Desert, that occupied so much of the geographical maps of fifty years ago, has largely disappeared. The last vestige left is in what is known as the Colorado River Basin and embraces some 242,000 square miles of American territory which will be soon converted into a garden spot. Seven states and the United States have formed a treaty and will at once proceed to establish an irrigating system that will convert this vast waste into fertile land that will provide homes for three million people in the next few years. The first appropriation for this vast scheme is to be seventy millions. This is hardly a tithe of what will be required but will be enough to insure a good beginning.

EUROPE SHOULD PAY

Europe is still haggling over the debt she owes this country, and there are not a few people among us so tender hearted that they advise cancelling the entire amount. It must be borne in mind that we spent billions of our money in fitting out troops and carrying on our important part of the World War, for which we ask nothing of Europe. The men and money we sacrificed in this unholy war, into which we were drawn to save the world, are truly appalling. All that is gone, and for it we ask no return. But for the sums we loaned foreign nations, to enable them to carry on their own war, we demand recompense. This sum amounts to a goodly figure, at the report of the commission appointed to investigate the whole matter, of $10,102,252,207.83; over ten billions, a sum big enough to stagger a nation less strong financially than the United States. To this sum must be added a large amount of overdue and unpaid interest. The total debt due us from twenty foreign governments is, with the interest added to December first, $11,524,519,869.15, a pretty tidy sum, which if divided among all the people of the United States, young and old, would give to each about one hundred dollars; or, as one authority puts it, "would buy a Ford car for every family in the United States and run it for a year, or would build homes for about two million families at an average cost of $6,000 each." There would seem to be no good reason why we should be tender hearted enough to give away all this vast sum, especially as we were in no way responsible for the cause of its expenditure.

HOW THE STATE CAN BE RE-APPORTIONED AND THE RESULT

There is some talk of re-apportioning the house of representatives of the General Assembly on the basis of the census of 1920. This can be done, but it is not compulsory. The Constitution of the state says, "the General Assembly may, after any new census taken by the authority of the United States or this state, reapportion the representation in conformity with the foregoing provisions." The foregoing provisions are: "The house of representatives shall never exceed one hundred members, and shall be constituted on the basis of population, always allowing one representative for a fraction exceeding half the ratio; but each town and city shall always be entitled to at least one member; and no town or city shall have more than one-fourth of the whole number of members."

These provisions of the Constitution make the apportionment somewhat of a problem. The city of Providence, with its 25 representatives must be eliminated, and also twenty-five towns whose population will manifestly allow them but one representative each. The population of the state, by the last census, is 604,397. Taking from those figures the population of Providence, 237,595, and that of twenty-five towns that can have but one representative each, 74,835, and we have left 291,967 population from which to get the 50 remaining members. The ratio which will work out this problem, and give the exact number required is 5839, obtained by dividing the population left by fifty, the number of representatives to be obtained. This ratio fills every requirement of the Constitution, and is the only ratio on which the apportionment can justly be made.

Under this apportionment the towns and cities having more than one representative and less than 25, are Newport 5, Warwick 2, Westerly 2, Bristol 2, Cumberland 2, Cranston 5 (a gain of one), Burrillville 1 (a loss of one), East Providence 4 (a gain of one), Pawtucket 11 (a gain of one), Woonsocket 11 (a loss of one), Lincoln 2, Central Falls 4 (a loss of one), West Warwick 3. The only changes that this apportionment can make will be a gain of one representative each for the cities of Cranston, East Providence and Pawtucket; and a loss of one each for Burrillville, Woonsocket and Central Falls.

FRANCE DEMANDING RIGHTS

Many are disposed to criticize France for taking possession of German territory to make her pay her just debts. Even the noisy U. S. Senator Borah opened his batteries against her in the U. S. Senate this week. It must be borne in mind that France is laboring under great provocation. Fifty years ago Germany waged a ruthless and unprovoked war on France, took away from her the rich provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, besides compelling her to pay an enormous indemnity. All of which she did promptly and without crying the baby act. Now Germany, after four years of unprovoked war, goes down in defeat and instead of carrying out the terms of her agreement is trying every way in her power to avoid her just payment. This war cost Germany not a single foot of territory invaded, not a factory destroyed. The war was fought on French soil, and a prosperous and thriving territory, equal in size to all New England, the Middle States, with Ohio added, was utterly destroyed. One-half the able-bodied men of France were either killed or wounded. 3,524 towns and villages were utterly destroyed; over five hundred thousand buildings were destroyed; ten thousand factories and mines ruined; 1,325,000 of her able-bodied men killed and 690,000 crippled for life; over eight million acres of the richest soil of France rendered unfit for cultivation; these are a few of the many things the French nation is compelled to suffer from the German Kaiser's unprovoked war of conquest. Is there any wonder that France is determined that Germany shall keep her agreement?

The days are now beginning to show an increase that can be appreciated. Next Wednesday is the last day of January. One month of 1923 is then gone. The days will then have lengthened 52 minutes. The sun will set next Wednesday at 4.58, which is three-quarters of an hour later than the shortest. It rises at seven o'clock, which is 14 minutes earlier than at the beginning of the month. Next Friday is Candlemas Day, when, according to the old weather prophets, we learn what the rest of the winter has in store for us as regards weather:

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Old winter will take another flight.
or
As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas Day,
So far the snow will blow in before May.
Or, as the Scotch put it:
If Candlemas Day is fair and clear,
There'll be twa winters in the year.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Four weeks of the session have come to an end and thus far but little in legislation has been accomplished. The committees were announced on Wednesday. In the senate the Newport County members are located as follows: Greene of Newport, Corporations; Peckham, Middletown, Special Legislation, chairman, Militia, Agriculture, and Printing; Sherman, Portsmouth, Judiciary, Education, chairman, Rules and Orders, chairman, and also joint committee on Rules and Orders and Pardons; Grinnell, Tiverton, Finance, Fisheries, chairman; Boddington, Little Compton, Corporations, Special Legislation, Elections, Engrossed Acts; Littlefield, Block Island, Finance, Fisheries, Public Health; Hammond, Jamestown, Militia.

In the house the committee positions held by Newport County members are as follows: Judiciary, Lawton, Newport, chairman; Militia, Bliss, Newport, chairman; Labor Legislation, Boyd, Portsmouth, chairman, Scannevin, Newport; Special Legislation, Brownell, Little Compton, chairman; Finance, Brownell, Lewis, Tiverton; Education, Hull, Jamestown; Charities and Corrections, Peckham, Middletown, Maher, Newport; Elections, Dunn, Block Island; Fisheries, Dunn; Public Institutions, Scannevin; Rules and Orders, Lawton. The Speaker appointed William H. Jackson of Newport one of the assistant doorkeepers of the House, a position he has held for many years.

Several bills were introduced Wednesday and referred to committees. One forbids the state to have any printing done outside the state; another to create a commission to select a site and build the Providence County Court House; also a bill looking to the establishing of a hospital for incurable insane; also a bill to allow the World War veterans a tax exemption on $1,000 property, the same as Civil War veterans.

Thursday the senate devoted to filibustering, and little business was accomplished.

Vice President Buckland, of the New Haven railroad, tells the Boston merchants that the road is financially sound, that it has no floating debt, that it does not owe a dollar to any bank, that its bills are paid currently, and that its current assets considerably exceed its current liabilities. He states that the strikes of last summer are the prime cause of the present unsatisfactory condition of the traffic equipment, and this trouble together with the extreme weather conditions, are what has caused so much delay in traffic during the present winter. He says all that is necessary to restore service to a satisfactory condition is simply a restoration of the New Haven's motive power and passenger equipment to a normal condition. Which can only be done when conditions are back to those of last August before the striks.

A Boston Traveler reporter, in writing up the McLeish murder case, says: "Newport, nestling place for the rich and mighty during the summer months, seems honeycombed with persons of greater or lesser degrees of moral depravity."

Such a statement would seem to be entirely uncalled for. There is no place in the country freer from crime than is Newport. There are bad characters in all large places, and in small ones too, for that matter, but the authorities declare that they are no more numerous here than in any other part of the country. In fact, Newport has been signally free from crimes of this nature in all the past years.

The deeds to the Commercial Wharf property, which was recently purchased by the Newport Industrial Company as the site for the cigar factory, have been entered for record at the City Hall.

Weekly Calendar JANUARY, 1923

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Water	
27 Sat	7 04	4 52	[illegible]	3 19	3 42
28 Sun	7 0[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
29 Mon	7 02	[illegible]	[illegible] 10	4 [illegible]	[illegible]
30 Tues	7 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
31 Wed	7 0[illegible]	4 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 Thurs	6 59	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 Fri	6 [illegible]	[illegible] 0	[illegible]	[illegible] 0	[illegible]

Full Moon, Feb. 1st, 10.5[illegible] morning
Last Quarter, Feb. 8th, 4.17 morning
New Moon, Feb. 15th, 2.03 evening
First Quarter, Feb. 23rd, 7.07 evening

Deaths.

In this city, 20th inst., Sarah Josephine, widow of John A. Murphy.

In this city, Jan. 21st, Madeline Sampson, wife of James A. F. McLeish

In this city, Jan. 21st, James A. F. McLeish.

In this city, 22d inst., Mary J. (nee Connaughton), widow of John J. Hayes.

In this city, 23d inst., Mary A, wife of Patrick J. Maloney.

In this city, 24th inst., Reginald Douglass, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel J. Anderson, aged 2 years, 8 months, 16 days.

In this city Jan. 24th, Mary B., daughter of Timothy F. and Annie Leydon Crowley.

In this city, 25th inst., Mary Ann, wife of Patrick E. Sullivan.

In this city, Jan. 25th, Lillian, infant daughter of John J. and Mary Sullivan.

In Middletown, 22d inst., infant son of Joseph and Mary A. Sylvia.

In Portsmouth, Jan. 21, John Manchester Hathaway, in his 52nd year, son of the late William and Mary Manchester Hathaway.

In Portsmouth, R. I., Jan. 21, Manuel Sousa, son of Joseph Sousa and Mary Silvia, in his 11th year.

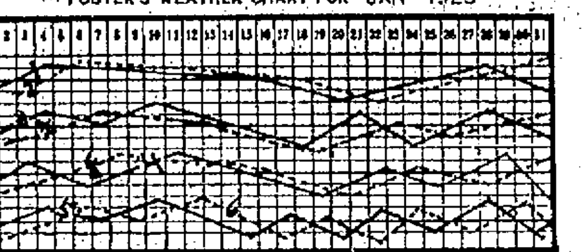
In Portsmouth, R. I., Jan. 21, Daniel Edward, son of Joseph M. and Mary Silvia, in his 9th year.

In Fall River, Jan. 22, Captain Charles L. Simmons, aged 76 years.

In Fall River, 23rd inst., Henry Thomas, in his 73rd year.

In San Francisco, Cal., 11th inst., Lloyd Pence, son of George H. and Ada (Ellis) Pence of Fall River, aged 21 years, 7 months, 6 days.

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR JAN 1923



Straight, heavy, horizontal lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of same days of the year for forty years. Crooked lines above normal lines mean warmer, below, cooler. that marked 1 is for section 1, north of latitude 47, between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—2 for section 2 on any section map is for east of meridian 90, north of latitude 47—3, between latitudes 39 and 47 and between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—4, east of meridian 90, between latitudes 39 and 47—5, south of latitude 39, between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—6, east of meridian 90, south of latitude 39—7, north of latitude 43½, west of Rockies crest—8, south of latitude 43½ to Mexican line and west of Rockies crest

Washington, Jan. 27, 1923—A disturbance of greater than average force is due in the far northwest early in March, will cross meridian 90, going southwest during last days of February and again, moving southeast near March 5. This is an important feature, a principal cause, in all weather events pertaining to America and Canada, a feature that I have not heretofore fully explained. Prof. Bigelow, among our greatest scientists, explained, while he was in the U. S. Weather Bureau, that our storms originate near latitude 55 north and longitude 115 west. In effects he was correct, but he did not then know that storms move in a circle around the magnetic north pole, located near 70 north latitude, 92 west longitude. As these storms move southward, while in the western part of their circle, the winds of America and Canada, coming from southward, blow into them and mild weather prevails generally. The U. S. Weather Bureau bases its week-in-advance forecasts on these facts. The storm mentioned above will reach its greatest intensity, or force, near March 5.

Local forecasts follow:

Section 1: North of 47, between 90 and Rockies crest; lowest temperatures Feb. 2 and 8, highest 6 and 11; average near normal; most severe storms and most moisture near Feb. 6.

Sec. 2: North of 47, east of 90; lowest temperatures near Feb. 4 and 10, highest 12; average near normal; most severe storms and most moisture near Feb. 8.

Sec. 3: Between 39 and 47 and between 90 and Rockies' crest; lowest temperatures near Feb. 2, highest near 6; average colder than usual; most severe storms and most moisture near Feb. 7.

Sec. 4: East of 90, between latitude 39 and 47; lowest temperatures near Feb. 3; long spell of cold weather; most severe storms and most moisture during the week centering on Feb. 11.

Sec. 5: South of 39, between 90 and Rockies crest; highest temperatures near Feb. 1 and 6, lowest near 3; average warmer than usual; most severe storms and most moisture 2 and 6.

Sec. 6: South of 39, east of 90; highest temperatures near Feb. 3 and 8, lowest near 5; average warmer than usual; most severe storms and most moisture near 4 and 8.

Sec. 7: North of 43½ west of Rockies crest; lowest temperatures Feb. 2, highest 9; long cold spell; most severe storms and most moisture near 5.

Sec. 8: South of 43½ to Mexican line, west of Rockies crest; lowest temperatures near Feb. 3, highest 10; long cold spell; most severe storms and most moisture near 6.

The first March storm, mentioned above, will be important in several features. It will carry frosts to southern sections; it may carry moisture to the central winter wheat sections and also to the cotton states, needed by some of them as planting time approaches. There are some indications that danger lurks in that storm; any way March is noted for bad storms. There is something in the old theory of equinoctial storms, but they seldom occur at the equinoxes, because the moon is always in that problem, and therefore the equinoctial storms may occur at any time within fifteen days, March 21 and Sept. 22.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

These have been busy days for Postmaster Rose and his assistants, but it is now believed that the greater part of the work incident to the 1918 issue of the War Savings stamps is over.

Mr. Rose wishes to express his appreciation of the consideration shown by the many patrons of the local office who have presented their stamps for redemption, which fact has greatly facilitated the work of adjustment.

In a statement received from F. C. Ayres, Director Savings Division—First Federal Reserve District, it is declared that during December, Treasury Savings Certificates to the amount of nearly $1,500,000.00 were either sold or exchanged for War Savings Stamps in New England, and of this amount the Block Island postoffice yielded its expected quota.

According to Postmaster Rose, it is human nature to wish to see the money which has been tied up in War Savings Stamps for the past five years, but now that his patrons have received it, he hopes that its re-investment in Treasury Savings Certificates will be favorably considered, not only because of the absolute safety with a good interest rate which is obtained, but for the assistance which this cooperation will give the Government in financing its war time obligations.

Miss Mary A. Sheffield, for the past seven years assistant to Postmaster S. Martin Rose, in the local postoffice, has received an appointment to a position in the Providence postoffice.

Positions in the Providence office are base on Civil Service examinations and a few months ago Miss Sheffield was one of 79 applicants to take the examinations. Miss Sheffield finished second highest in the large class, obtaining an average of 92. She begins her duties in her new position on Monday, January 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver C. Rose have gone to Providence for the remainder of the winter, taking an apartment on the East side.

Influenza has made its appearance on the Island during the past two weeks, the most serious case at this time being that of Ellsworth Lathan, Jr., an enlisted member of the West Side Coast Guard Crew, who is suffering from pneumonia.

William P. Lewis spent the past week in Providence.

Oswald Littlefield has been transferred from the West Side Coast Guard Station to the Sandy Point Station.

Elmer A. Allen has taken charge of the Eureka Hotel and farm during the absence of the proprietor, O. C. Rose.

Dr. Arthur Lynch has opened Dental Parlors in the Gothic Cottage.

It has been reported that a photograph displayed in the window of a Providence newspaper last Wednesday has created quite some stir among the city population. According to report the photograph, which was an enlargement, pictured five purported rum boats which at different intervals during the past month had docked in the Old Harbor. Also in the group were three local fishing boats said to be engaged in rum running between the 3-mile limit and the Island. It seems that the Island is getting its spring and summer advertising a trifle early.

Mr. James T. Heaton, vice president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, was the principal speaker at the first of a series of business men's luncheons under the auspices of the Newport Chamber of Commerce, which was held on Thursday. Mr. Heaton's topic was "The Community Chest," and he told of ways of avoiding continual calls on the public in aid of worthy causes.

THE WAR COLLEGE AT NEWPORT

(Providence Journal)

According to the Journal's Washington correspondent, the Naval War College at Newport is on the threshold of a period of expansion and usefulness more promising than any prior one in its fluctuating history, back to its beginnings more than thirty years ago.

With the advent of the Harding Administration the stealthy political process of dismantling the Newport naval station, scattering its activities up and down the coast, was terminated. Restoration is now in progress, the goal being its erection into a constituent part of the great fleet base. That the War College should be a sharer in this intelligent upbuilding has been anticipated. The plans being put in shape under the immediate direction of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt contemplate raising it to the first rank among such institutions.

The Naval War College is the finishing school for the commissioned officers of the fleet. Its undergraduates may be Admirals or Lieutenants, but every grade finds, or some day will find, something to learn there that is not to be learned anywhere else, and that ought to be at their command. The faculty is composed of instructors of the highest proficiency in their respective specialties, and may include civilians, as for the courses in international law.

As an indispensable institution, the War College at Newport should, of course, be maintained to serve the fleet and the nation at one hundred per cent. efficiency; with the fund of professional knowledge and facilities for imparting it adequate to the magnitude and variety of the demand.

Since the terrible brutal murder of Mr. and Mrs. Frasier McLeish, Sunday morning, the city has been flooded with newspaper men representing the great dailies of Boston, New York and many other large cities. This will go down in history as one of the most brutal and baffling cases of crime ever committed in this or any other city in the country. The work of discovering the criminal should not cease till every effort of human wisdom has been exhausted. The people of the city will not feel at ease till this mystery has been solved. It is understood that the best detective skill of the country is at work on the case, and there are great hopes that the mystery may yet be solved and the perpetrator of the dastardly crime properly punished.

The rivers and harbors bill which passed the House last week carries an appropriation of $56,000,000, which is a big increase from the bill originally reported, and if passed by the Senate will doubtless be vetoed by President Harding. This bill carries an appropriation of $325,000 for Providence river and harbor, $33,000 for Pawtucket river, and $10,000 for Block Island Harbor of Refuge.

Five years ago yesterday occurred the disastrous explosion in the bomb proof at the Torpedo Station, by which ten men lost their lives. There was much excitement in Newport following the accident, and the first reports to reach the city indicated that the disaster was even worse than it was.

The Tax Books for the Town of Middletown have been completed, and copies may be obtained at the Mercury office by property owners of the town.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For Week Ending January 26, 1923.

Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates

BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK AND BOSTON WESTERN DRESSED MEAT MARKET.

Hog receipts moderate, market quiet, with a few sales at $8.00-8.50. Receipts of Butcher Cattle light, market slow and draggy. Cows and heifers $4.25-6.00; Bologna Bulls $3.75-4.50; canner cows and heifers $1.25-2.75 per 100 lbs. Veal calves light weight selling at $7.00-12.00, with heavy weights $5.50-7.50 per 100 lbs. Under light demand and normal receipts. Milk cows steady under light demands; choice $145.00-155.00; good $130.00-140.00; medium $120.00-130.00; and common $90.00-115.00, per head. Receipts of fresh beef moderate; market slow and draggy, demand light. Good steers sold at $13.50-14.00 with medium at $12.00-13.00 per 100 lbs. Good cows steady at $10.00-10.50, medium $8.50-9.50.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Trading has been hampered by the snow and the cold weather, but more activity was noticeable on Friday, when the weather was more favorable. SHIPPED-IN: Baldwin Apples firm at mostly $6.00-6.50 a bbl. for best New England stock from cold storage, and $5.00-6.25 for New York State stock. New York State Danish cabbage steady at $2.00-2.25 a bbl. New Southern cabbage $3.75-4.00 a bbl crate. California cauliflower weaker at $1.00-1.50 a crate. Florida celery weak at $2.50-4.00 a crate. Norfolk kale declined, then recovered to $2.75 a bbl. Best California Iceburg Lettuce firm at $6.00-6.50 a crate. Onions draggy at mostly $2.50 per 100 lb. bag for Western and $1.00-1.25 for Massachusetts stock. Maine potatoes higher at $1.40-1.55 per 100 lb. sack, partly account of car shortage in Maine. Texas spinach firm at $1.00-1.40 a bu. basket. Southern sweet potatoes lower at 75 cents-$1.00 a bu. hamper. NATIVE:—Hothouse cucumbers lower at $12.00-20.00 a bu. box. Lettuce firm at 50 cents-$1.25 a box. Radishes scarce and higher at $3.00-3.50 a box. Tomatoes unchanged at 30-35 cents a lb. Root vegetables generally steady at $1.75-2.00 a bu. for beet, carrots and parsnips, and $1.25-1.75 a bu. for turnips.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Dressed Poultry Market shows little change from last week and rules generally steady but quiet. Demand is good and supply short on fancy soft meated chickens, as bulk of receipts are showing coarse and staggy. Fowl (4½-5 lb.) 30-31 cents, chickens (4½-6 lb.) 30-34 cents, (3½-4 lb.) 25-30 cents. Live Poultry market continues quiet, fowls finding a ready sale but chickens are moving very slowly as the bulk of receipts are showing coarse and are sold at a reduction. Fowl 26-28 cents, chickens 22-25 cents, Leghorns 19-22 cents. Butter Market steady to firm at prices a fraction lower on fresh goods but unchanged on storage. There has been a fair amount of trading this week but buyers at present are not active and are looking for bargains. Butter as a rule is in firm hands and is not freely offered. Extras: Fresh 52 cents, storage 51 cents.

Convictions for violations of motor vehicle laws against nearly 1,400 persons were obtained last year, according to reports received by the Maine state highway commission. Fines aggregated $36,000. Licenses were revoked of 200 persons, convicted of operating while under the influence of liquor.

Suit for $40,000 against the Rutland railroad was filed at Rutland, Vt., by Lawrence H. Flanders, who was employed by the company during the shopmen's strike. The bill alleges that Flanders was assaulted by strikers and injured Aug. 19 last "while in performance of duty," and that the railroad company failed to provide him with proper protection.

William P. Gray of Lewiston, Me., president of the Maine and New Hampshire Theatres Company, has assumed the management of nine more theatres located in Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island; representing the remainder of the New England unit owned and controlled by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

"You New England farmers are going to receive encouragement in co-operative marketing in the future from sources that have discouraged it in the past," said James R. Howard of Idaho, former president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, speaking in Boston at the fifth union agricultural meeting and of the first New England agricultural conference.

An attempt is being made in Haverhill, Mass., to form an organization to combat the Ku Klux Klan. The new society is to be known as the P. P. P. The three P's are said to stand for Progress, Protect and Punish. Little is known of the new organization as yet. It is said to have been conceived by a number of local young men.

A remarkable increase in the number of students matriculating with Massachusetts colleges and universities, "scarcely equalled in any other part of the country," was reported at the State House by the special commission on technical and higher education. Between 1916 and the beginning of the present year, the report says, regular students increased from 19,583 to 26,957, or 26 per cent.

Tuition rates at Massachusetts universities and colleges have increased nearly 54 per cent in the last seven years, according to Dr. George F. Cook, a member of the state commission which is investigating the facilities for higher education. Holy Cross, at Worcester, is the only college with tuition rates unchanged since 1916, and the rates at the Harvard theological school are also unchanged.

Another move to have a summer White House in Maine was made in the Legislature. Representative Sherman L. Douglass of Lamoine, who has offered to give the United States Shore Acres, a hotel property near Bar Harbor, and to raise $50,000 by subscription for improvements, introduced a resolution requesting Maine's senators and representatives to appear before a congressional committee and present "the great natural advantages the state of Maine possesses as a summer residence for any President."

There's a Civil War veteran in the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea, Mass., whose life has been as cheerful as that of any hero of fiction. Samuel P. Cutter, sailor, soldier, actor, farmer and singing teacher has had many experiences crowded into his 73 years. Cutter at one time was tenor with the famous "Old Homestead Quartet" with Denman Thompson.

THOMAS G. PATTEN

New Representative Moving Picture Industry in West

Thomas G. Patten, former postmaster of New York City, has joined the staff of Will Hays, director of the motion picture production industry, and will represent him in the West.

U. S. ORDERS INQUIRY INTO FILM DOPE TRADE

Hollywood Situation So Serious Federal Chiefs Hurry From Washington.

Washington.—A sweeping investigation into the traffic in narcotic drugs which is known to be carried on extensively in Los Angeles has been started by the Federal Government. Incidentally, the results of this investigation may have an important bearing upon the death of William Desmond Taylor, a moving picture director, and may involve the names of a number of persons who are prominent in the film colony of Hollywood, both as actors and actresses and directors.

It was announced at prohibition headquarters that the situation had become so irritating in its open contempt for the law that Col. L. G. Nutt, in charge of the narcotic division of the prohibition unit, left the city hurriedly for Los Angeles.

He will be joined there by Major Royal A. Haines, United States Prohibition Commissioner, who is now making a tour of inspection through the West and Northwest. The two Federal officials will confer with other Government officers and those who are supposed to have knowledge of the widespread dealings in drugs in Los Angeles.

Ever since the mysterious murder of Taylor, nearly a year ago, the authorities of California have been endeavoring to obtain some clue clearing up the circumstances leading to the untimely death of the film director. Charges have been made that the dope ring operating throughout the State was responsible for his murder. Nevertheless, the many investigations that have been conducted into the Taylor case have come to naught.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

BERNE.—The big Zeppelin airship which is building in Friedrichshafen for the United States will be finished in July and will set forth for New York by way of Spain shortly afterward. It is expected that the aircraft will require 70 hours to make the voyage.

BERLIN.—The reichsbank has fixed the purchase price of the 20 mark gold piece for the present week at 70,000 paper marks.

ROME.—The wife of Tita Ruffo, the opera singer, has reported to the police that she has been robbed of numerous valuables.

NEW YORK.—Bishop William T. Manning of the New York Episcopal diocese, has called upon the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant either to publicly retract his expressed disbelief in the divinity of Jesus Christ or withdraw from the Episcopal ministry.

MADISON, Wis.—Public burning of the "round robin" signed during the war by several hundred University of Wisconsin professors, denouncing the war record of United States Senator Robert M. LaFollette, is ordered by a resolution introduced into the senate.

CORK.—Henry Ford's factories here were raided by Irish dock strikers, who removed all implements from the properties. The incident was caused by the defiant attitude of George Grace, the American factory manager.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Wallace Reid, motion picture actor, died in a Hollywood sanitarium to which he was taken about a month ago after a nervous breakdown which was said by his family to have been due to his fight against the habit of using narcotics. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., thirty years ago.

Maine automobile owners who have occasion to use their cars on Massachusetts highway are warned to have them equipped with tail lights which have been approved by the registrar of motor vehicles of that state, in a statement issued by Director Shorey of the motor vehicle branch of the highway commission.

BERLIN IN FRENZY, MARK COLLAPSES

Fall to 24,000 for Dollar Drives People to Wholesale Drinking in German Capital.

GOODS SOLD AT ANY PRICE

Despair Prevails, Only Hope Being That Disaster May Overtake French—Merchants Money Mad—Food Running Low.

Berlin.—With the drop of the mark to 24,000 on the dollar Berlin has yielded up the ghost, and appropriate mourning is in evidence.

The people celebrated by besieging every wholesale liquor shop in Berlin, and the proprietors said they had had no such business before in their experience.

The mad rush helped bring about a police order closing all cafes, bars and cabarets promptly at 11 o'clock at night, instead of 1 a. m. Brawls resulting from the tense feeling also had something to do with the order. The annual German ball will be among the events barred under the new order.

Merchants have gone money mad and have started a war of bitter competition. They resort to the alternatives of selling for whatever they can get, or boosting prices to fantastic figures, in some cases twice as high as in the world market. It is impossible to get any expression, even speculative, on the future, either from official or citizen. The country simply has no idea of escape from the present situation, nor the slightest plan, save that it is bitterly hoping disaster may occur to the French.

The entire situation has been condensed into one phrase by the propagandists, namely, "They have broken the treaty! Now we don't have to do anything!" How thoroughly this has been drilled into the population was shown in a school in a Leipsic suburb, where a new geography teacher, mentioning various European countries, found her class rising in unison to spit upon the floor when England, France and Italy were mentioned. The class explained that the preceding teacher had taught them this was the correct procedure.

Feeling was particularly bitter because it is the anniversary of the coronation of Frederick I. in Konigsberg and the founding of the order of the Black Eagle. Formerly it marked the opening of the season of court receptions.

The Government has information that the stock of food in the Ruhr is running low, and this new development hits Germany in an unguarded spot, as the low estate of the mark means that foreign firms will refrain from making deliveries. In the meantime the Government is asked who is to pay the wages of the miners for the last week and, in general, disaster for the rest of the country is foreseen in the economic separation of the Ruhr from the Reich. The actual coal output has been reduced more than 40 per cent. Nationalist papers hint at Germany's willingness to negotiate if principles of right and freedom are observed.

Political parties with a desire for warlike maneuvers are still tying the hands of Chancellor Cuno's cabinet in its every attempt to do anything that might be construed as constructive, granting it has such plans, which is not evident.

Paris.—Certain prominent allied reparation experts have been working here on a plan which it is hoped may pave the way for an allied settlement on the whole question of reparations.

The plan will be discussed in the press of the various governments. It is based on the supposition that America will reduce the British debt by one-half, as certain rumors have indicated is possible.

From an international legal standpoint and in the strict treaty interpretation expert opinion is that France received the right now exercised by it under the treaty. Once the territory is occupied the military authority has power over the civil population as in the case of martial law. The experts say that German nationals may be imprisoned in the interest of carrying out treaty sanctions.

BANK TAXES FLOW IN

Government Collects $165,000,000 in One-Half Year.

Washington.—Efforts of the Internal Revenue Bureau to collect back taxes brought nearly $165,000,000 in income and profits taxes into the treasury in the first half of the fiscal year 1922-23.

Collections for the quarter ended September 30, aggregated more than $78,000,000, according to the bureau's records, as compared with nearly $37,000,000 in quarter December 31, 1921.

CAFES MAY BE PADLOCKED

Rum-Selling Restaurants and Saloons Likely to Share That Fate.

New York.—Thousands of New York saloons, cafes and restaurants, a large number of them in the White Light district, may be closed in the near future as a result of decisions made at the second of two conferences on prohibition enforcement.

Padlocking establishments convicted of Prohibition law violations will follow united action by Federal and local authorities.

Elmer C. Potter, prohibition director of Massachusetts has been elected a church deacon. The honor came from the Piedmont church of Worcester, Mass., of which he is a member. Resolutions of confidence in the earnest purpose of the director in the enforcement of the 18th amendment were adopted by the church.

MISS RUTH BUCKNER

Poses for Statue of Minnesota's Women in War

Miss Ruth Buckner, of St. Paul, chosen by the commercial clubs of the city to pose for a statue representing the womanhood of Minnesota which took part in the World war. The design was awarded a prize of $800.

FARMERS' JURY ACQUITS FIVE MINERS OF MURDER

Jurors Say Alibi Accounted for Freedom of Men Because of Reasonable Doubt.

Marion, Ill.—After nearly twenty-seven hours' deliberation a jury of Williamson County farmers delivered a verdict of not guilty in the first case resulting from the killing of twenty-one non-union workers in the Herrin riots last June.

The end of the long trial came so suddenly that both spectators and the five defendants who were charged with the murder of Howard Hoffman, one of the victims of the outbreak, appeared dazed. As Judge D. T. Hartwell finished reading the last verdict the only sound was a half smothered sob from the wife of one of the defendants.

Word that the jury had reached a verdict was received by Judge Hartwell at his office at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. He immediately notified the attorneys and ordered the defendants brought from the jail.

The news spread among the crowd, which had stood patiently about the square watching the courthouse ever since the jury retired. The courtroom filled swiftly.

Judge Hartwell ordered the jury brought in at 1:50 o'clock. Five minutes later the last of the separate verdicts had been read and received in dead silence. While the defendants sat almost motionless the jury filed out by one door, the spectators left by another, and just two minutes from the time the jury was brought in the courtroom was again empty.

All of the jurors refused to discuss their verdict. One said that fifteen or twenty ballots were taken. Another declared they were all agreed on the innocence of four of the defendants on the first ballot, but refused to name the fifth, regarding whom there was a difference of opinion.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Ten raids by Washington prohibition agents and police netted about 400 gallons of assorted liquors and eight arrests, including one woman. Charging heavy profiteering in coal, Federal Fuel Administrator B. F. C. R. Wadleigh is calling on those who have definite proof to bring it to his attention and he will do what he can to stop it.

President Harding, who has been ill with the grip for several days, was reported "greatly improved," and it was stated at the White House that he undoubtedly would be in his office soon to transact business.

Senate passed the Capper bill facilitating credits for agriculturalists and livestock raisers.

A substitute ship subsidy bill was offered by Senator McKellar, eliminating cash subsidies.

Neither the army nor the navy will be used to enforce prohibition laws, it was made clear in official quarters.

Routing all opposition, including the house leadership, the rivers and harbors bloc overrode both the budget estimate and the Appropriations Committee, and increased the waterways item in the army bill from $37,000,000 to $56,585,000.

National Civic Federation backs Harding Administration foreign policies and opens war on alien propaganda.

Harry F. Sinclair, oil operator, faces possible jail term for refusing to give evidence to Senate committee.

British Debt Commission leaves for London to report to home government, which wants 3 per cent interest rate and sixty years in which to pay, while American commissioners, though willing to recommend reduction, object to 3 per cent rate or liquidation period of more than fifty years.

As a means toward the safeguarding of human life in the woods of Maine during the hunting season, the Penobscot Valley Fish and Game Association will conduct a campaign of warning by means of conspicuous placards to be posted at all public places and at all points in the game country most frequented by hunters.

BILLS TO LOOSEN UP IMMIGRATION

Senate Committee to Consider Measures Changing Present Quotas of Aliens.

FOR RELAXED RESTRICTIONS

Manufacturers Insistent for Them. Reed and Colt Bills on Program for Hearing—Armenian Refugees May Be Admitted.

Washington.—Consideration of the effect of present immigration restrictions on the labor situation will be taken up by the Senate Committee on Immigration which will hold a hearing on a bill introduced by Senator Reed of Pennsylvania.

The Reed bill increases the percentage of alien immigrants admissible from 3 to 5 per cent. Instead of using the number of aliens of the different nationalities resident in this country under the census of 1910, as is the case in the present law, the bill provides that the census of 1890 shall be the basis. The effect of the proposal is to increase quotas from Northern European countries and to decrease those from some of the Southern European nations.

Senator Reed will appear before the committee in behalf of the bill.

The Senate Committee also will hold a hearing at an early date on a bill introduced by Senator Colt of Rhode Island, the chairman of the committee. This bill embodies the recommendations of the National Association of Manufacturers for relaxing immigration restrictions as a means of relieving the labor situation. The bill does not change the present quotas but provides that in computing the quotas consideration shall be given to the number of aliens of a particular nationality who may have left the United States. The bill also authorizes the Secretary of Labor to admit immigrants in excess of quotas when evidence is presented to him that there is a shortage of a particular type or class of labor.

The bill further permits the Secretary of Labor to authorize contracts with alien labor, which are prohibited under the present alien contract law.

The Colt bill adds the following proviso to the section of the present law relating to quotas:

"Provided further, That for the purpose of determining the annual quota of each nationality of otherwise admissible aliens due consideration shall be given to the emigration of aliens of such nationality during that year, and such calculation shall be made and announced at the end of each three months' period by the Secretary of Labor."

The bill also adds the following new section:

"The Secretary of Labor may, upon submission to him of satisfactory evidence that there is a continuing shortage of labor of a particular type or class which, after reasonable effort, has not been found unemployed in the United States, authorize contracts with and the admission of otherwise admissible alien labor to such extent as will in his judgment meet such established shortage, notwithstanding that such aliens so authorized to be admitted may exceed the quotas of their respective nationalities now admissible under this act. The secretary may prescribe reasonable rules and regulations for the presentation of evidence under this section."

There also is pending before the Senate Immigration Committee a resolution by Senator Ransdell of Louisiana providing for the appointment of a committee of three Senators to investigate immigration problems, particularly with a view to relieving the labor shortage. The committee, which would be appointed by the president of the Senate, sets forth that under the existing percentage system there are now being admitted to this country immigrants unsuited to employment in the fields of labor in which shortages exist.

The resolution provides that the committee shall seek to devise a system by which those best suited for employment may be admitted in preference to others. The committee would make a final report to the Senate not later than Jan. 1, 1924.

To obtain the opinion of 50,000 church people in Connecticut on the question of legalizing professional baseball on Sundays, the legislative committee of the Connecticut Federation of Churches, at a meeting, devised plans to hold a referendum.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Satisfies every want of the most critical in cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and complexion. Nothing purer, sweeter or more effective for every-day toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 35G, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Savings Bank of Newport, Newport, R. I.

Interest at the rate of

4½ Per cent

Per Annum

Money deposited on or before

January 20, 1923

draws interest from that date

You may cash or deposit your U. S. Victory Notes and U. S. War Saving Certificates, that are due, with us, if unregistered.

EXTRAVAGANCE LEADS TO DISASTER

Continued extravagance leads to disaster and ruin.

Prudent are the parents who set their children a good example and help them establish the habits of economy and saving which mean so much to their future welfare.

We invite accounts of both young and old.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KUSCHNY'S SONS

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NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to — CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY — All Goods are Pure Absolutely

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

NEWS HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Items Gleaned From All Parts of New England

The emergency committee of the United Textile Workers of America, at a meeting in Boston, voted to begin an organization campaign in the South immediately.

Steps were formally taken by the Pacific Mills to bring about a closer relationship between employer and employe, and notices were posted to the effect that committees representing all departments will be chosen by the department employes for this purpose.

Wilbert S. Wilson, retiring city treasurer, of Augusta, Me., presented his yearly report at the monthly meeting of the city council. Total disbursements during the year were $938,059.95 and receipts $926,543.45. Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1922, $22,089.71 and Jan. 1, 1923, $10,573.21.

Francis Pero, 23, North Adams Mass., is the champion egg-eater of the Berkshires, his friends say. He ate 18 raw eggs in a short time, and declared he could depose of as many more were they provided. His egg-eating stunt was somewhat impromptu. A grocery truck ran into a drift of snow near his house and a crate of eggs which it carried was thrown out in the road. The driver picked up all but a dozen and a half which were cracked as the result of the spill. Pero came out and proceeded to consume these 18 eggs, much to the amusement of a crowd of mill workers.

With the payment of $356,323.61 and $14,473.38 interest by Allen W. Fletcher of Alpena, Mich., to Marion E. Brown of Boston, a law suit which has dragged its weary way through the courts of Massachusetts and Michigan for more than half a century and which involved hundreds of thousands of dollars has come to an end. The suit was started to compel an accounting of a partnership in lumbering business which involved thousands of acres of land, part of which is now in the centre of the City of Alpena.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rich, who began her earthly pilgrimage 100 years ago Jan. 9, and is the oldest member of the American Red Cross in Maine, is still able to read her Bible each day, without the aid of glasses.

Necessity of a campaign to educate farmers to the need of co-operation in marketing of their products was stressed by speakers in Augusta, Me., at the annual conference of the Maine Farmers' Extension Bureau.

Falling three stories from the roof of his home at 57 Kellogg Street, Portland, Me., William White, 70, former patrolman, landed head first in a 15-foot snow bank and was pulled out by neighbors with snowshovels. He was unhurt.

Arthur F. Tylee, 27, Worcester, Mass., veteran of the 76th division, will sail from New York April 1, with his fiancee Miss Ethel M. Canary of Memphis, Tenn., for mission work among the leper and Indians in the interior of Paraguay.

The Parker Young Company of Boston has bought 168,000 acres of timberland of Calhoun county, Florida, for approximately $1,000,000, officials of the Park Wood Lumber Company, operating branch of the Parker Young Company, announces.

40 KILLED IN ODESSA RIOT

Jewish Establishments Wrecked by Mob Element.

London.—Many shots were fired in a religious procession in the streets of Odessa, according to a Central news dispatch from Copenhagen. The crowd in the streets became enraged, attacking Jewish shops.

The military forces were powerless. Forty people are said to have been killed. A large number of shops were emptied of their entire contents by the raiders.

HOUSE PASSES ARMY BILL

Votes Down Motion to Cut Appropriation and Reduce Personnel.

Washington.—The army appropriation bill, carrying $333,000,000, was passed by the House. The principal change in the military sections of the bill was an amendment prohibiting the purchase from private manufacturers of ordnance at a cost [illegible] than for government manufacture.

A last minute effort by [illegible] to reduce army appropriations [illegible].

On the Six-Ten Train

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Jane drove the big car up the long hill to the railroad station and backed it skillfully to the platform among the hundred other motors waiting for the express to come in. David Perry often came down for a week-end at the Woodland's suburban place, and since his engagement to Jane had been announced it was Jane who invariably met him at the station.

Sometimes there were other guests for the Woodlands, or perhaps it would be merely one of the family, Mr. Woodland or young Roland, or Sally, but they usually fell into the background of unimportance. David and Jane and Joy rode together.

Jane was looking particularly lovely this afternoon; she wore a new frock, and a soft flopping country-hat that made a frame for her bewitching face.

"Six-ten's late," remarked the baggagemaster-station-agent-telegrapher, with a knowing look at Jane Woodland.

Jane smiled and dimpled. Peter Hornbeak knew that the six-ten was David's train. She walked up and down the long platform, stopping to speak to a few friends here and there, and then stood gazing down the line.

The train came rushing in, bringing a breath of excitement and bustle from the big city. Jane saw David's towering form emerge from a rear coach,

He Carried Her Bag.

saw him assist a woman—they walked together—he carried her bag. She wore a black cloth suit of extremely modish cut, a large hat swathed in a black lace veil. She walked with a jauntiness that put Jane's healthy stride to shame.

Jane stared coldly at the approaching pair.

The truth must be confessed at last. Jane Woodland was of a very jealous nature. She loved David, and it hurt her to see him pay any attention to other women. He rarely did, for Jane filled his world completely.

"A smaller girl than I—and a lot prettier," thought Jane bitterly, as she drew back behind a pillar. Temptation prompted jealousy to act. Jane slipped around the station building, jumped into her car and whisked away in the green twilight.

As the road uncurled before her she seemed to see those two figures, the slender, pretty girl and David walking together.

Suppose she went back and met them—the girl might be some one in the village whom David had met, or she might be a cousin.

David had no cousins.

She wondered what they would do—take Steve Brogan's taxicab perhaps, but they certainly would not have the effrontery to come to the Woodlands'. Having come to this conclusion, Jane glanced behind her and saw them walking along the path behind her. The girl wore gray silk stockings and gray suede slippers.

The slippers must have been very uncomfortable to walk in. Jane thought of that as the car slipped along the pleasant road. Then she turned the corner that led home. As she turned the corner she glanced over her shoulder and saw David putting the girl into a taxicab. He jumped in beside her and they rode rapidly away in the opposite direction!

Jane did not eat much dinner that night; she parried the questions of her family and listened for the telephone bell. David would ring her up. He usually did so after one of their quarrels. She rather hoped he would call her

It was ten o'clock when the telephone called her.

"Jane?" came David's voice.

"Jane is speaking," she responded, coolly.

"I must apologize; I came on the six-ten, but did not see you, dear."

"I was there—I saw you—but you were so absorbed," upbraided Jane.

"Jane Woodland!" he breathed, sharply.

"Well, you were busily engaged, were you not?"

"Yes, in a way. My grandmother came down with me and I was going to ask you to drop her off at my Aunt Agatha's. Didn't you see? So we walked along the road until a taxicab picked us up."

"Your grandmother?" repeated Jane incredulously. "Your grandmother!" she added in scornful disbelief.

"Yes. Now, Jane, that I have explained this, you can see your mistake, can't you?"

"I don't know what you mean about my mistake, Mr. Perry," she said in her coldest tone.

"Has it reached the Mr. Perry stage?" he asked furiously. "What is the next move?"

"For me to return your ring, which I shall do in the morning," said Jane, with her eyes full of tears, which, of course, David could not see.

"Very well," he answered, and rang off.

The next day being Sunday, Jane went to church and had the pleasure of seeing David sitting in his Great-aunt Agatha's pew, with the strange girl beside him. Jane saw that David was very attentive to the slim young thing in black, and a grim despair seized her.

She wondered if it occurred to David that they—David and Jane — had planned to be married in this very church in September? Why, they had decided upon the floral decorations, the ushers, the guests, the music—everything had been carefully thought out. What happy times they had had, too.

Slowly the congregation dispersed. In the porch the Woodlands lingered to greet their friends. Jane would have hurried on to avoid David, but her mother plucked her back.

"Jane, my dear, I want to introduce you to Mrs. Churchill, David's grandmother. Susan, this is my youngest daughter," murmured Mrs. Woodland, with justifiable pride.

"Delighted, my dear. David has told me about you. Where is the boy? He brought me to church in that fiendish little car of his—he has had it stored at Agatha's. I refuse to return in it. Take your little Jane home, Davy, and I'll go back with the old folks. Agatha will come, too!"

Jane stared at the absurd little figure, tricked out in its girlish clothes. Behind the lace veil simpered a sweet, lined face and graying hair. How pitiful it was to cling so firmly to passing youth!

"Well, good-by, granny. Sorry about the mad ride. Jane likes the little car; eh, Jane?"

But Jane's shamed eyes were watching the jaunty, swinging gait of David's grandmother tilting along on high-heeled shoes. When she lifted her gaze to his at last David was smiling. "Well?" he asked.

"Your grandmother!" she laughed tremulously, and this time she believed it.

TESTING COAL FOR A QUEEN

Elizabeth of England Was at First Extremely Skeptical as to Its Value as Fuel.

In olden days the lord mayor of London was one of the sovereign's most trusted henchmen, and at times many strange duties have fallen to his lot. One of the quaintest was devised by Queen Elizabeth, says London Tit-Bits.

Until her reign coal was almost unknown in the south of England, though sea coal was gathered regularly from the shore and used in the North.

One day a Northumberland subject sent her a consignment of coal. The queen saw it burn on the hearth and enjoyed its pleasant glow. "Can it be used for cooking?" she asked. She was assured that it could.

But she was a cautious person. She sent a quantity to her lord mayor, ordering him to use it for cooking his own dinner and to report to her whether food treated in this way was fit for human consumption!

Not until the lord mayor had reported that he had eaten and survived would she have coal used in the royal kitchen.

Expert Advice.

Two men, neither of whom could be considered of championship class, and whose knowledge of the rules of the royal and ancient game of golf was no more accurate than was the technique of the various shots, were standing at the first tee. One of the men, taking a vicious swing, sliced to such an extent that the ball struck an oak tree with such force that it came bounding back across the tee, and the player in question caught the ball in his hand. With a bewildered look on his face he turned to his opponent and asked: "What shall I do now?" His opponent, with no intention of joking, replied, "Tee it up, hit it again and then put your hands in your pockets."

"The Poetry of Earth."

If it be true, as some poets think, that every spot on earth is full of poetry, then it is certainly also true that each place has its own distinctive measure; an indigenous meter, so to speak, in which, and in which only, its poetry will be truly set or sung. There are surely woods which are like stately sonnets, and others of which the truth would best be told in tender lyrics, brooks which are jocund songs, and mountains which are odes to immortality.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Skepticism.

The Woman knows a truly devoted husband. She met him the other day and his face showed annoyance. She hoped nothing had happened. It would be too much if ever trouble came between that couple. But at once she was reassured.

"I'm furious," the man told her. "I want to get dolled up, as the wife and I are going to have a party tonight. It is our fifth anniversary. I told the manicurist to do a good job and explained to her why, and she wouldn't believe me. It makes me sick. Even as I was leaving she called after me:

"Come again soon, mister; but don't kid me so much next time."—Exchange.

FIND DEFECTS IN MOST CHILDREN

University of Iowa Physicians Give Results of Free Clinical Examinations.

SEEK TO HELP THE SUBNORMAL

Over 90 Per Cent of Defects Found Declared to Be Totally or Partially Correctable—Malnutrition Is Common.

Don't you think the kiddies ought to be given every chance to develop into worth-while citizens? What do you think of this campaign?

Iowa City, Ia.—An average of one physical defect for each of 856 Iowa children examined since September 25 has been found by Dr. John W. Prentice and Dr. Florence W. Johnston, University of Iowa physicians in the division of maternity and infant hygiene, who have been conducting free, clinical examinations in various parts of the state. Their work, however, has been aimed at the observation and suggested treatment of the physically subnormal rather than the normal child.

Over 90 per cent of the defects found were declared to be totally or partially correctable. The percentage of possible corrections decreases with the increasing age of the child.

Out of 856 children examined 852 defects were found. The defects multiply with the age of the child. It has been Doctor Prentice's observation that rural children have as many physical defects as do city children.

Malnutrition is found as often among farm children as among city children. Several reasons were ascribed to this; among them lack of variety in diet and defective teeth. The most frequent defects among rural children were found to be malnutrition, decayed teeth, enlarged adenoids and enlarged, diseased tonsils.

Need Variety in Food.

"Children need a variety of food elements as do livestock," said Doctor Prentice, referring to the well-balanced diet for farm animals that experts have prepared. "The rural children seem to get food in sufficient quantity but not the variety or balanced diet that enables all tissues of the body to develop properly. In other words, they live on a 'one-sided' diet. Children with bad teeth fail to masticate and digest their food well and they absorb and swallow harmful poisons that come from the decayed teeth."

Children examined at the clinics are scheduled in advance if possible. Their histories are taken, they are examined, a chart of their physical state is made, a summary drawn and treatments recommended for defects. This record is kept by the county or school nurse with the name of the family physician. A copy of this record is given the parents and they are instructed to take the child along with the record to the family physician.

About 50 per cent of the cases in communities where clinics have been held have reported to the family physicians as instructed, according to reports of nurses and physicians. It is believed this proportion will be greatly increased as the work advances.

Gives Advice on Diet.

In order to reach the children clinics are held in various towns and cities under the auspices of local physicians and county and school nurses. Doctor Prentice examines the children and Doctor Johnston acts as adviser to the mothers on questions of child diet, prenatal and postpartum care. The university physicians are trying to make assets instead of liabilities out of the subnormal children of Iowa by pointing out possible corrective measures. Results have indicated that the money, time and effort have been well expended, report division officials.

"The success of this great work," said Doctor Prentice, "has been made possible by the splendid co-operation of the doctors and county and school nurses in the various communities where clinics have been held.

"During recent years the general health and physical condition of our city children have been greatly improved by the work of infant welfare stations, children's clinics, school clinics and many other such organizations. Likewise the maternity clinics have done much for mother and babe. And now we have the same opportunities brought to our rural communities through the work of the division of maternity and infant hygiene of the University of Iowa which is carrying out the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner law in Iowa. We need only to bear in mind the high percentage of physical unfitness among our rural boys as found by the army examinations in the recent war to realize the importance of this work."

The Value of Shadows.

Reflections and shadows form an important aid to decoration. The shadow of a spray of roses or a group of tall grasses against a light wall or table is very beautiful. So is the reflection of a well-planned group of furniture or pottery in a mirror. A gray silhouette of a vine is sometimes painted on the window shade of a sun room to give the effect of a shadow.

Affluent Mendicancy.

"Of course," remarked Mr. Grumpson, "we ought to extend a helping hand to our brother in distress, but the thought of handing a dime to a beggar who may run over me some night in his motor car is enough to curdle the milk of human kindness."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Flat Tire and Wooden Leg Win Victory for Accused

New York.—A flat tire and a wooden leg won a victory in Criminal court for O. G. Davis, a carpenter, appealing a police court sentence of five days in the county jail and a $50 fine.

Patrolman Michael Carricato testified that Davis was driving his automobile in a zig-zag manner and that he staggered when he left the car.

Davis said the staggering was due to his wooden leg, and the zig-zagging of the car was due to the flat tire.

WHY CRABS KEEP BOARDERS

Professor Whose Double-Sexed Oyster Won Fame Gives Some Facts About "Hermits."

London.—The mystery of the hermit crab and the reason why he always lives with "messmates" of other species has at last been cleared up.

Dr. J. H. Orton of the Plymouth Marine Biological laboratory, whose pet oyster became famous by revealing to science the power of the mollusc to change its sex, has studied the relationship of the common hermit crab to the anemone and certain aquatic worms which live communally with it.

The conclusions reached by Doctor Orton are that both animals are benefited by their habits. The anemone derives advantages from the hermit crab by being dragged about with its tentacles on the ground, and being given opportunities for picking up food left or lost by the crab. The crab obtains protection from fish attacks, owing to the unpleasantness of the anemones as food.

In the case of the worm, one was observed to crawl alongside the body of the crab and literally take with impunity a piece of food from between the crab's jaws and bolt it—an action tolerated by the worm's landlord.

TEST FOR POWER OF PRESS

Obsessed by a desire to find her mother, of whom she remembers nothing because given into adoption at six months' age, and of whom she has been able to learn nothing, Mrs. Margaret Kordatzky of San Diego, Cal., has made a fervent plea to the power of the press to aid her.

Mrs. Kordatzky is now twenty-five years of age and the mother of a daughter. She was adopted in Detroit by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Rogers of that city and reared by them as their own daughter. She was not told of her adoption until after her marriage, about five years ago.

The adoption papers were signed February 27, 1898, in Detroit, by Mrs. Ada Sampson, according to Mrs. Kordatzky, and that is all she has been able to learn so far, except that her mother had given her the names Blanche Celia, which the Rogerses discarded for her present Christian name.

Her prayer is that her mother, if still living, will read somewhere of the daughter's cry for her and answer. Mrs. Kordatzky's address is 3624 Cabrillo avenue, East San Diego.

Photo shows Mrs. Kordatzky as she appears today. She prays her mother will see it in some publication and think well enough of the subject and her plea to write a letter.

Big Hawk Does Stunts.

Junction City, Kan.—A huge chicken hawk shared honors with the military aviators at the Fort Riley flying circus recently. The hawk made his appearance while the stunt flying was in progress and singling out one of the most daring of the flyers, proceeded to follow him through all his evolutions. Finally the flyer turned the nose of his machine upward, ascending to a great height, and the hawk, still following him, was lost to sight.

Train Wrecks Hearse; Stops Funeral.

Indianapolis.—Funeral services for Mrs. Goldie Garle were conducted a day later than they had been planned. A fast passenger train struck the hearse as the cortege passed over the tracks, demolishing the coffin. The crossing watchman admitted that he was so busy in watching the funeral procession that he forgot to lower the safety gates. The hearse driver was injured.

But How Few He Is!

He that hath knowledge spareth his words.—Solomon.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

WANTED THAT CARD TABLE

Boy Was Taking No Chances, Even Though He Was Bidding Against Himself.

He was the most persuasive auctioneer the Woman has ever seen—or heard. There was such a compelling tone to his voice, such a pleading note when the bidding lagged, that the Woman was almost induced to offer a bid or two herself. And that she certainly had had no intention of doing when she had succumbed on a sudden impulse to the alluring invitation of the red flag that announces "Auction today."

The bidding seemed to be going slowly and the auctioneer leaned far forward, exhorting earnestly and pleading with evangelistic fervor. Item number 76, a folding card table, was put upon the stand and a nervous tow-haired youth in the second row bid $1.

"One dollar I am bid. Do I hear two? Will any one make it two. A folding card table in first-class condition. It folds, ladies and gentlemen! A bargain! Will any one say $2?"

I was beginning to wonder whether I couldn't in some way use the table myself when the tow-haired youth spoke again.

"Two dollars," he said.

The auctioneer looked at him scornfully. "Your bid is $1," he said.

The boy's face grew very red under his tow hair, but he stuck to his guns.

"I know, but it's $2 now," he replied firmly.

"Sold," the persuasive auctioneer announced promptly amid general laughter, in which even the boy joined.—Chicago Journal.

NO HOPE FOR THAT CLASS

Witty Individual Put Reckless Drivers Beyond the Possibility of Eternal Salvation.

Speeding motorists have inspired many village scribes to eloquence in the signs warning against extravagant use of gasoline in passing through their localities. A sign in a Jersey town worthy of perpetuation reads: "Drive slow and see our town; drive fast and see our jail"—An American variation of the Russian proverb that "They drive farthest who drive slowly." But the prize warning to speeders is that which confronts the motorist on approaching a little Connecticut village. The Salvation Army, in its practical work of propagating the faith along the highways and byways, had painted a Biblical paraphrase on a railroad culvert to the effect that "Jesus is powerful to save all."

Underneath in fresh letters was added, "except reckless drivers."—Wall Street Journal.

Lafayette's Home a Club.

Lafayette, we are here again! The chateau de Chavagnac in the Upper Loire, birthplace of the illustrious marquis, which the family was unable to retain, has become the property of a group of Americans. Numerous repairs and improvements have been made and the old place is now a club for American visitors.

There is a splendid view from the terrace of the chateau and the air is fine and fresh. Visitors will find comfortable equipment, spacious grounds, a golf course, tennis courts and other athletic features. Also they will have the satisfaction of sojourning beneath the roof which sheltered the infancy of the hero whom they so ardently admire.—From Le Petit Parisien, Paris. (Translated for the Kansas City Star.)

The Way They Are.

In one of the big city railway stations two men labor through the hours to remove wads of chewing gum travelers have tossed on the floor.

They are tolerant, these toilers. They do not denounce an uncontrolled and ill-bred humanity which makes such toil necessary. Patiently they scrape away, freeing the floor of gum so that it is in a suitable state for the application of mop and cleaning fluid.

"No," they say, pausing a moment in their diligent scraping. "No, we ain't got anything against 'em, they're like that. Just exactly like that. That's the way they are."

Color Grades for Honey.

Samples of honey are being received by the United States Department of Agriculture from beekeepers in all parts of the country in connection with the work of establishing reliable color grades for extracted honey. A new type of spectrophotometer will be used in this work, which will be done by agriculturists of the department in co-operation with the division of grades and standards of the bureau of agricultural economics. It is also planned to use the honeys examined in other investigations. The pollen content of the honeys will be identified by the microchemical laboratory of the bureau of chemistry.

The Five Kings of France.

The "Five Kings of France" was a term applied to the body of five men constituting the French directory. To them was entrusted the executive government of France from October 26, 1795, to November 9, 1799. They were frequently styled "Their Five Majesties of the Luxemburg." The directory was overthrown by Napoleon Bonaparte on the 18 Brumaire (November 9, 1799), and the consulate established in its stead.

His Professional Manner.

We like very much the story of the dentist who went fishing and was disgusted at landing a large and orotund catfish. He seized the beast firmly round its waist and began to work the hook out. Quite automatically and with his usual air of courteous firmness he bespoke the fish. "Open wide," he said.—New York Evening Post.

LEFT THE ANGLERS GASPING

Stories of Marvelous Catches Faded Into Insignificance Before Incident Related by Guest.

A rank outsider won the brown derby, the cut glass bathing suit and the solid goldfish, all at once, at the Anglers' club dinner the other night.

The fishermen came primed with their best stories. Frederick White, a veteran, told about the trout one of his friends had caught. It was so bashful that it kept hiding behind rocks and swinging its tail coyly as if to say, "I dowanna." Mr. White's friend finally cornered it and reproached it. Stung with remorse, the trout shed tears and begged for the bait, and the angler inserted a small bullfrog in its mouth, and it was caught.

More stories like that were told, until the purple embroidered motto, "Veritas," which decorated the mantel, turned blue.

Then Dr. S. G. Sinclair, a guest, rose. He said he wasn't a fisherman, but would like to tell the boys about the time he lived in Dawson City and they had a cold spell which stayed at 60 below zero for ten days.

"Why," he declared, "a fellow's house caught fire while he was taking a bath, and he found his escape cut off, and, would you believe it, it was so cold that he just emptied the tub out of the window and slid to safety down the icicles the water formed!"

The motto turned dead white and ripped automatically up the middle, as E. V. Connett III, the club president, conceded that Doctor Sinclair was the winner.—New York World.

CINDERELLA LEGEND IS OLD

Found Among Myths of Almost Every Country of Europe, With Different Interpretations.

The well-known fairy tale of Cinderella has been found among the myths of the Aryans, and from that it is known that it is the story of the Sun and the Dawn. To the Aryans the Sun was the Child of Night; the Dawn came before he was born, and died as he rose in the heavens.

Cinderella, gray and dark and dull, is all neglected when she is away from the Sun, obscured by the envious clouds, her sisters, and by her stepmother, the Night. So she is the Dawn, and the Fairy Prince is the Morning Sun, ever pursuing her to claim her for his bride.

This is the legend as it is found in ancient Hindoo books, and explains the source and meaning of this fairy tale, which is told in the language of every country in Europe. Likewise do all the versions of the stories of "Beauty and the Beast," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Little Red Riding Hood" and a great number of other fairy stories, come from the same source, and yet with enough difference to show that none of them are copied from each other.

Disappointment Was Mutual.

Mason, who played the flute in the orchestra at the local theater, was taken ill half an hour before the performance was due to begin.

After much persuasion, he prevailed upon his friend Brown (an amateur flute player) to take his place.

Brown duly reported himself to the conductor, intimating that he had had considerable musical experience. At the end of the overture, however, he continued to play his flute for several minutes after the others had finished. He then calmly packed up his instrument, and was walking toward the exit, when the conductor stopped him.

"I thought you could play the flute?" he said.

"Yes, and so did I; so we've both been deceived!" was the mournful reply.

It Happened in Boston.

A woman alighted from her limousine and tripped daintily into a Washington street shoe store.

She looked. She looked at just about every class and kind and cut of boudoir slippers in the place. The matters of last and size and style were settled. But she hesitated over the matter of color. She hesitated and pursed her lips and tapped the floor with the toe of one well-shod foot and looked thoughtful. Then an idea dawned.

"Tell you what I'll do," she told the salesman, "I'll send my kimono down with my chauffeur and have you match the shade."

"Er—yes'm," said the salesman.—Business.

Winter Tennis Uniform.

Tennis is popularly supposed to be a sport for spring and summer, but in some sections it is made a winter sport. Tennis players wear woolen gloves on cold days. Although the gloves make it impossible to get the best grip on the racket, the games are rather speedy. Heavy sweaters complete the costume. One of the players joshed recently by the impromptu gallery called back that he intended to play until "the snow gets too deep." "The only thing I didn't like about tennis was that it made me too hot," he explained. "That fault is removed by playing in freezing weather."

How Canada Fights Grasshoppers.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 acres of grain in the province of Saskatoon, Sask., were saved by the grasshopper campaign, according to the tenth annual report of the field crops branch of the department of agriculture. The cost of the ingredients used was less than that in previous years, a considerable saving having been effected by modifications made in the poison bait recipes.

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STILL DREAMING OF HOME

City Man of Small Resources Laments That Country Cannot Gratify His Desires.

I am one of many thousands, city-pent, who for many years have dreamed of a little home somewhere in the hills or within sight of the sea. Every year the urge grows stronger, and every year the little place seems more hopelessly out of sight, says the writer of "The Point of View" in Scribner's. The city is a big place, but the country seems bigger, and where to look and how, ever more perplexing. I have told all my friends that I am looking, and asked them to give me a tip if they hear of any place that they think I might like or can afford to buy; and now and then I hear of the perfect place, to be had for some enticingly modest sum, and of charming homes found by this and that seeker after his haven of peace and quiet. But my little house is ever in the dim beyond and my hope grows fainter with the years. Maybe I am in search of a place that never was on land or sea, that exists only in my dreams.

I read the real-estate advertisements, and look at the little houses illustrated in the magazines devoted to home building, and see many cozy small houses that would quite satisfy my longings, but when I investigate the cost of building even the simplest of them, I pause and wonder if the price does not call for gold bricks as a part of the foundation instead of just ordinary building materials.

So I start again in my search for the abandoned farm that can be bought, with a little old house all ready to be called home, with the expenditure of only a few hundred dollars.

The chimney may be falling down and the roof caving in, the sides full of holes for the winds and snows of winter to come in, but the lines are always "so picturesque," and the big fireplace and Dutch oven are there to recall the days of the real Americans who lived and shivered back in the time when there were plain living and honest thinking.

Far afield have I ventured in the search for my little house, and spent enough good money to put new roofs on most of the tumble-down houses I have looked at from a distance with ever-renewed hope.

Work for Disabled Soldiers.

Today Czechoslovakia is flooding all Europe with quantities of her famous lacquer work, wood novelties—mostly the work of soldiers wounded and partially disabled in the World war. The shops in Prague display fans, jewel boxes, trays, brushes, combs and other wooden articles of every description, all brilliantly colored and carved in the distinctively Czechoslovakian style. No set designs are to be found. Each bit of woodwork is made after a new pattern, so that no two pieces are alike. This feature of their work protects their wares in foreign markets, where machine production has introduced many substitutes. The government has leased hundreds of working rooms in various parts of the country, set aside for this particular industry. Trained men instruct recruits in the technique of the work, but the designing and the composition of each particular piece is always left to the idea or whim of the man who makes it. In one part of the room one finds men with no arms toiling with marvelous ingenuity with a stylus between their toes. Fully half of this work today is done with the feet.—Milwaukee Journal.

Stimulating Colors.

A French experimenter tested the strength of the handgrip under colored lights, and found red was distinctly the most stimulating color, the remaining colors falling in the order orange, yellow, green and blue.

Freaks of Nature.

Birds and bats are the only living vertebrata capable of flights; squirrels, lizards, snakes, fish and lemurs fly through the air with great swooping leaps.

The Auto Hound.

"Patience," said Uncle Eben, "is what you think de other feller ought to show when you gits in a hurry an' tries to run over 'im."—Washington Star.

Tire Materials.

One out of every three bales of cotton consumed in the United States goes into automobile tires. Four out of every five pounds of rubber are used in them.

Denmark Numbers Eggs.

All eggs sold in Denmark are now [illegible] system where[illegible] can be [illegible] farm from [illegible] came.

CATTLE-FEEDING SURVEY RESULTS

Extensive Studies Have Been Made in Connection With Many Agricultural Colleges.

GOVERNMENT MAKES EXHIBIT

Amounts of Feed Necessary to Make Same Amount of Total Gain on Feeder Steer Shown Pictorially—Systems of Feeding.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In an exhibit at the International Live Stock exposition recently held at Chicago, the United States Department of Agriculture showed some of the results obtained from an extensive survey of steer feeding in the Middle West. These studies have been made in co-operation with agricultural colleges in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska. The survey has been carried on for the last four years, and it has involved approximately 20,000 steers each year. Another year's study is to be made, but results have been obtained to date that are of practical interest to cattle feeders throughout the United States.

A Prize-Winning Hereford Shown at the International Live-Stock Show.

Results of Survey.

The results of this survey, thus far, were shown at the exposition in a booth entitled, "Beef Production," a part of the large government exhibit. It was found that two types of ration are being used by cattle feeders generally throughout this region. The type used in a locality is determined by the kind of hay that is grown there. About the same number of steers are fed by each method throughout the region studied.

Feed Necessary.

The exhibit showed pictorially the amounts of feed necessary to make the same amount of total gain on a feeder steer, and the length of feeding period, under each system of feeding, as determined by this survey. Information on feeding problems and other phases of beef production may be secured by asking for bulletins from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

STANDARD FOR BEEF BREEDS

To Assist Beginner Department of Agriculture Issues Bulletin Giving Information.

The question of the beginner, "which is the best breed of beef cattle?" cannot be answered if he insists upon definite reasons, for no beef has been found superior to all others. A man may have a personal choice, his neighbors may be raising one particular breed, or his conditions may be more nearly ideal for one breed than any of the others.

In order to help those who are uncertain as to which breed is best adapted to their conditions, the United States Department of Agriculture has prepared a bulletin in which are given the characteristics of the beef and dual-purpose breeds in the United States, together with a brief history of their development. A comparative standard of excellence for beef breeds is included in the bulletin, a feature which makes it possible for the beginner to compare the breeds point by point.

A copy of the bulletin may be had free of charge by writing the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and asking for Farmers' Bulletin 612.

WHITEWASH THAT WILL HOLD

When Properly Prepared and Applied Material Will Cleanse, Disinfect, and Stay On.

Whitewash is often made in a slipshod way and is put on carelessly. It does not do the job well and will not last. When whitewash is properly made and carefully applied, it will cleanse, disinfect and stay on.

Slack ten pounds of quicklime in two gallons of water. Cover the container and allow the lime to slack for one hour. Add enough warm water to make the whitewash spread easily with a brush. To each five gallons add one pound of glue, (stick glue dissolved in warm water), one-fourth pound of salt and one pint of crude carbolic acid. Apply evenly, while warm, with a good whitewash brush.—Paul C. Jamieson, Poultry Extension Specialist, Colorado Agricultural College.

On the Way to Ruin.

If the boy is no account it may be because he has a charge account.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Caterpillars' "Lungs."

Caterpillars breathe through holes in the sides of their bodies.

DOCKING LAMB WILL MAKE BETTER ANIMAL

Tails Are of No Benefit and May Do Some Harm.

Should Be Removed When Youngster Is About Two Weeks Old—Operation Requires Two Men and Knife or Docking Iron.

Lambs' tails are no benefit and may even do harm; therefore they should be removed when the lamb is in its second week of life, say the live stock men at the New York state agricultural college at Ithaca. The operation requires two men and a sharp knife or docking iron. One man holds the lamb and the other locates a joint in the tail by feeling on the inside.

The loose skin is pushed back so that a flap will grow over the stub and the tail is cut off at a joint about one and a half inches from the body. The cut is made quickly with a sharp knife. A piece of cord tied tightly around the stump close to the body will stop excessive bleeding, but it must be removed in eight or ten hours so the stump will not slough off.

Even old sheep can be successfully docked with hot docking irons, the college says, and there is no danger from loss of blood. Searing the tail off with irons heated to cherry red sterilizes the wound and prevents bleeding.

Reasons given by the college specialists for docking lambs are that in the first place the tail is of no benefit; if it is left on filth accumulates around and beneath it; and females are likely to fail to breed. An additional reason for disposing of the tail is that lambs look neater and deeper in the leg and twist if the tail is docked.

NOSE PRINTS IDENTIFY COW

Method Is Being Employed to Determine Animals Being Tested for Milk Records.

There are finger prints to identify criminals, footprints to identify newborn babies, and the latest use of the inkpad is to identify cows. It is a sure means of identifying "Tessie," the family cow, when she comes home late at night. Just take her nose print. In the photo Prof. W. E. Peterson of the University of Minnesota is demonstrating the simplicity of this means of identification. This method has been adopted to identify cows being tested for milk records by the state of Minnesota.

Demonstrating Simplicity of Means of Identification.

POTATO GRADES GAIN FAVOR

Big Majority of Buyers Demand That Shippers Do Business on Basis of Federal Rules.

The federal potato grades are growing in popularity. "More than 75 per cent of the buyers of potatoes in carlots are demanding that shippers do business on the basis of the U. S. grades," it was stated by the Department of Agriculture following a survey of the trade.

Investigators found in Minnesota that out of 24 buyers in different parts of the country who were queried, 18 demanded the use of U. S. Grade No. 1. The October forecast put the potato crop at 433,015,000 bushels. To move so huge a crop at a profit department officials urge strict grading of potatoes according to the No. 1 specifications.

MARKS ON LINCOLN HIGHWAY

Uniform System of Signs Now Extends From the Hudson River to the Golden Gate.

The marking of the Lincoln highway was finally completed in 1921 when, with the co-operation of the New Jersey highway department, the last permanent signs were placed along the 60-mile stretch between Jersey City and Trenton. The remainder of the marking in 1919 and 1920 has been well maintained with the result that a uniform system now extends from the Hudson river to the Golden Gate. The Lincoln highway is undoubtedly the best marked highway in America and this system installed at great expense is a wonderful aid to motorists.

At Their Best.

Nations and men are only the best when they are gladdest, and deserve heaven when they enjoy it.—Jean Paul.

Got a Start.

"Goodness, you gave me such a turn!" said the motor engine to the crank wielder.—Boston Transcript.

LENGTH OF SKIRT

Nine to Ten Inches From Ground, the Happy Medium.

Afternoon Toilettes to Be Four to Five Inches; Eccentric Period Styles Often Trail.

The length of skirts is still variable, but the consensus of opinion is that the street skirt will be nine to ten inches from the ground. More dressy afternoon toilettes will be four to five inches from the ground. Eccentric period styles, both in crinoline and renaissance effect, often touch and trail. So many of the best makers show such a predominance of the shorter lengths—that is, from nine to ten inches above the ground—that one might expect this to be the smartest length. Other variations will be more or less a personal and individual thing, according to a fashion authority.

Surprising as it may seem, the skirt remains narrow, often extremely narrow. Fullness, when introduced, is unobtrusive and is usually achieved by use of the circular cut. There is less unevenness about the hem, many of the skirts being even all the way round. The one-sided drapery is a strong feature even in the plainest tailored dresses and coats, also the one-side fastening and wide, overlapping front. This overlapping, one-side effect is also much noted in skirts.

Tailored suits are very pronounced in the showing of both two and three-piece effects. A great majority of the jackets are waist length and in straight, unbelted or slightly blousing and belted styles. The exceptions are incidental novelties, in very short box bolero styles, Chinese mandarin full-swinging coats and three-quarter-length, circular cut effects, the latter usually trimmed with fur.

The three-piece idea is prominent. It expresses itself in two forms—the smart one-piece wool dress with matching jacket, or the crepe de chine or satin dress with a wool coat entirely covering it, the lining of which is made of the same material as the dress.

EARLY SPRING KNITTED CAPE

This is an early spring cape of beige-colored knitted silk and wool yarn, worn with a long throw scarf of many-colored silk. The hat is of beige-colored felt.

NEW COATS REVEL IN COLOR

Outstanding Example of Vogue Is the Short Jacquette Made of Paisley Shawl.

The Bible historians were not explicit in stating the length of Joseph's coat—all we know is that it was of many colors. Whether it was short or full length is not clearly stated, otherwise the most popular and modish coat of the moment could be entirely likened to the most celebrated coat of color.

Just now, nothing appears quite so modish at fashionable gatherings, as the jacquette that revels in color. The outstanding example of this vogue is the short jacquette made of Paisley shawl, which is the personification of color. The Persian reds and greens are seen repeatedly, so that the aspect of the bizarre that generally attended the rare appearance of such a garment, is wholly removed.

Nor is the mode confined to the Paisley jacquette. Rug and other oriental embroidered effects are developed with little modification in entire short jackets which are offered either as separate garment or as part of a costume.

Knitted Suits.

Knitted suits, both in wool and silk, are seen as the season advances. Tan and gray seem to be the most popular colors, and frequently shoes, hat and gloves carry out the same tone.

The Moral Aspect.

Irate Parent (to little girl watching organ grinder)—Evangeline, come away from that foreign musician. Whatever could I say to your father if you were to come under the influence of the passionate music of Italy?—Bulletin (Sydney).

SUIT OF GRAY OXFORD CLOTH

This suit of dark-gray oxford cloth is made with a box coat, worn over a straight-line dress, and has, as its trimming, stitching of heavy white silk. A novel arrangement at the wrist is the double cuff, and the interesting white is found in an inset of flannel on the collar, and ivory buttons trimming cuff and throat.

MANY BEADS ON NEW IMPORT

Gowns From Paris Are Bedecked With Qantities of This Sort of Decoration.

The luminous quality of beads as a trimming is the feature that keeps them inseparable from smart evening clothes. Perhaps it is for this reason that one finds a growing number of beaded gowns being brought from Paris so that the height of the season will find fashion in its most resplendent mood. Some New York stores are showing groups of imported gowns that are luxuriously beaded.

One of these numbers developed along lines simulating a Spanish shawl has large tapestry designs worked in beads of gorgeous coloring. The tapestry motif in this case, being placed in cut-out effect on a ground of solid black, is very striking. Another import, heavily beaded, has the entire bodice handled in a scalloped shell pattern of satin beads with the slim, narrow skirt worked in black jet alone. The skirt of this model is split up the side, and a white satin flare shows through this opening in sash effect.

A gown of simpler appeal is offered in royal blue chiffon with a scattered studding of rhinestones on the bodice and a good-looking running motif combining the rhinestones with crystal on the skirt. A soft girdle of silver cloth finishes its rich appearance.

Imported frocks of more youthful appearance are shown in crepe Roma. One of these in a rich rose tone uses a deep bertha of self-material over a sleeveless bodice. The fitted line of the basque is slightly shirred, and the skirt in graceful fullness is decorated with a grape motif that combines crystal beads with silver soutache.

BLOOMERS THAT ARE LIKED

Garment Made With or Without Rubber Bands Over the Knees Gives Satisfaction.

Bloomers are sometimes made so that they fasten with rubber bands tightly over the knees. These are usually plain and unadorned except for perhaps a few plaited ruffles where the knee rubbers come. Then there are the longer bloomers made to fit over the knees and fasten with elastic bands right there. They are made of quite darkly colored silks to match, presumably, the dress you are wearing. They are nice, too, for wear with evening clothes that are tightly fitted or snugly draped, for they supply a foundation that is entirely adequate, at the same time leaving no extra fullness to be disposed of to the possible detriment of the hang of the dress.

Other bloomers are made without these confining bands about the knees, and they are trimmed with wide or narrow bands of lace, with little rows of petals or rosebuds and with many applications of ribbons. The fact is that they repeat nicely the design of the little chemise that is meant to be worn with them and that they supply just enough repetition of the scheme of decoration to make the arrangement of lingerie doubly interesting.

THE MILLINERY FOR SPRING

Half Cloths and Straw Allovers Among First Fabrics Making Appearance.

Half cloths and straw allovers are among the first fabrics to make their appearance for the early spring millinery season, and these are being shown in the dark colors for the most part, made up into tailored types, while the southern lines show the brilliant colors in faille and taffeta.

There are new combinations and weaves appearing in these straw cloths, and one of the latest is the Persian haircloth that carries the reds and greens and touches of tinsel thread through it, but through which the black predominates. Then there are nacre haircloths that are very good looking, used almost entirely for draped toques or rolls on crown or brim.

Thought for the Day.

More people can stand adversity than can stand prosperity.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'WHAT'S THE USE?'

Effect Produced by "Funeral" in the South Seas.

Ghastly Ceremony That to Civilized People Made Travesty of the Sacredness of Death.

One afternoon about four o'clock, while we were working our way down the coast in no particular hurry to get anywhere, we suddenly heard the beating of a tom-tom. It was the bush telegraph working furiously.

"What's the message, Maanga?" I asked my boy.

"Me think it some feller he die finish," was his laconic reply.

We crossed the reef and beached the boat and then hurried up to the village, half hidden among the palms, writes R. W. Cilento in Asia Magazine. All the natives were there in the clearing between the houses, dressed up in everything they could put on, and there was a deeply religious atmosphere about the gathering. We understood the reason when we saw a huge funeral pyre built up. It was so high that we could just get a glimpse of a stiff figure sitting there, the back turned toward us, and the hands stretched out in an unnatural way. All the people were gathered around it. One of them seemed to have wrapped himself in a kind of white sheet and it did not take long to discover that he was actually officiating in the capacity of clergyman. The native is always impressed by ceremony of any sort, and missionary ceremonies have left their mark all over the islands. This fellow had a book suspiciously like a hymn book in front of him, though I noted later that it was upside down, and he was reading or rather reciting as much as he could remember of all the Christian services he had ever heard.

Taylor and I walked around the pile, examining it with interest and watching the natives eye longingly the copper jewelry that custom decreed should be burned with the corpse. When we got to the front and were standing there, looking up at it, Taylor suddenly gripped my arm. "It's that darned girl we had, the one you took care of at your house," he said. We were in Ngawelus and the figure on the pyre was Lawusa! Her face was painted vermilion, and looked ghastly, of course. Her head was set strangely on her shoulders. She had her best clothes on and her hair gloriously bedecked. I shall always remember her expression at that moment. Her eyes were staring out into vacancy, and there was the most peculiar twisted smile on her dead face, as if she had rounded the circle of her life and was contemptuous of everything. It was horrible. By this time the flames were leaping toward the sky and the smoke curled up in thick black clouds. The wood burned quickly. It was no time, it seemed, before a sudden spout of fire sent up a shower of sparks and she shot down in the collapsing pile, still with that little smile of disdain on her face.

"Let's get out of this," said Taylor. "It gives me the creeps. You warned that blamed girl that if she walked down the coast she would die. What's the use of curing them when they act like idiots? What's the use of anything!"

The Sod in the Window.

The illicit "poteen" now flows in Ireland more freely than ever before, according to a correspondent, who has recently traveled through the towns and villages of the south and west. Supplies of ordinary whisky have been blended with "poteen," of which there seems to be large quantities available, while in some places "poteen" in its rude native form is retailed. The frank explanation is given that owing to transport difficulties it is impossible to obtain genuine and legally distilled whisky. The correspondent adds: "There are certain areas that would help to solve the peat-bog problem in Ireland, if the old practice of the sod in the window was revived." This has reference, it would seem, to the unostentatious method adopted by the unlicensed "shebeens" in Ireland in the old days to advertise the fact that "poteen" could be obtained inside by placing a sod of turf or peat in an unobtrusive way in the window.

Democratic.

She was haughty and she knew her position could be lowered. The other day she took the Woman for a short ride.

An enormous truck came up behind them. The haughty one looked her proud disdain upon the truck driver. Who was he to get so much in the way. But the truck driver mistook her look of dignity and contempt for one of fear.

He leaned out of his huge truck and called down to her:

"That's all right, sister. Don't be scared. I wouldn't bump into you for the world."

The look on the haughty one's face was a magnificent study.—Chicago Journal.

Never Satisfied.

Mrs. V., with her four-year-old son Ira, were visiting. At the dinner meal Ira's favorite kind of pie was served. Ira called for a second piece. After he took it one piece remained on the plate.

Ira's mother, ashamed of his conduct, said: "Ira, you have had one helping to pie."

"Yes, mother, and I may want that other piece."

Problem Before All.

The [illegible] problem, yours, mine, [illegible] is not to fancy what were [illegible] provided it could be—but [illegible] may be, then [illegible] up to our [illegible] known.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, January 29, 1898

The annual meeting of the Newport Street Railway Company was held on Tuesday. The announcement was made that the Newport Illuminating Company has obtained a controlling interest in the Company. The board of directors was chosen, consisting of Augustin C. Titus, Angus McLeod, Theophilus T. Pitman, Anthony S. Sherman, Darius Baker, George R. Chase and Gardiner B. Reynolds. Mr. Titus resigned the presidency and Gardiner B. Reynolds was chosen to that position. Mr. George P. Magner of New York was chosen general manager and treasurer, Francis Burdick, assistant treasurer, and Arthur E. Burland superintendent.

The city council had a special session Tuesday evening. In the Board of Aldermen fourteen ballots were taken for president, with no choice, the vote standing O'Neill 2, Hamilton 1, Rogers 1, and McMahon 1. Mayor Boyle presided.

A Boston despatch says, Prof. Alexander Agassiz of Cambridge has officially asked to be placed on the voting list of Newport, R. I. This means that Newport will gain and Cambridge will lose the benefit of Prof. Agassiz's large personal property tax.

Mr. James C. Pray died suddenly at his store on Spring street Wednesday morning. Though a native of Scituate the deceased had been a resident of Newport for a number of years, having been associated with his brother, the late Harley W. Pray, in the jewelry business.

Rev. L. J. Deady read the financial report of the condition of St. Joseph's parish Sunday evening. The statement showed that starting with a balance of $95.92 in the treasury, $9,480.53 had been collected and $9,579.44 paid out during the year. The Kimber estate had been purchased this year for $17,000.

Mr. Frank G. Kimball, who has been confined to his house with a broken leg, was able to be out on Thursday and received many congratulations from his friends.

Mr. George F. Cozzens of Harvard is spending a few days in this city.

Mr. William Earl Cook, the oldest citizen of Portsmouth, and probably the oldest Methodist and the oldest Free Mason in New England, if not the oldest Free Mason in the United States, celebrated his 101st birthday on Wednesday. Mr. Cook has been a wonder of vitality and mental as well as bodily preservation for the last ten years.

Judge Darius Baker has been elected president of the Charity Organization Society, Rev. E. H. Porter vice president J. Truman Burdick, treasurer, and Katherine A. Curtis secretary.

The sending the cruiser Maine to Cuban waters was a good move. It ought to have been done long ago. We are seeking no war with Spain nor any other nation, but it is time Uncle Sam took the proper steps to protect his own. (The outcome of this action could have been but little dreamed of at that time.)

We strongly commend the action of Councilmen Stevens and Wood in trying to keep down the city taxes. There is no good reason why the city cannot be run and run properly on a one per cent. tax. That would give us a total of $380,000. A few years ago the city was run for $7,500. (What would the people have thought twenty-five years ago, if told that within a few years it would take a million and a half to run the city?)

Germany, says a Washington despatch, will spend $200,000,000 in naval construction in the next ten years. This is equal to twenty millions a year, which surpasses the contemplated expenditure of any other nation of Europe or America. (All this expenditure did not do Germany much good.)

At the meeting of the Newport Horticultural Society in Mercury Hall Wednesday evening, Prof. H. J. Wheeler of Rhode Island Agricultural College, was the speaker of the evening, his subject being the Rhode Island soil. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon views and was very interesting.

The annual meeting of the state encampment, Grand Army of the Republic was held in Westerly on Thursday. General John P. S. Gobin, the Commander-in-chief of the National Encampment, was present and installed the officers. Samuel W. K. Allen of East Greenwich was chosen Department commander.

THE BUNK TREE IN FULL BLOOM

(Providence Journal)

Some of the impassioned orators in the State Legislature seem to have what Alonzo Briggs used to call "strabismus of the conk." It appears that if a Republican breaks away from his party corral and votes with the Democrats he is hailed by the latter as a savior of the people, a noble and dignified statesman whose children and grandchildren will rise up and call him blessed. But when a Democrat strays from the fold and casts a vote with the ruffians who pose as Republicans he is a bootlegger, a grafter, a traitor, a lobscouse, and a vile creature of "the interests" who ought to be in jail for the balance of his life.

If all the fool piffle uttered at the State House during the all-night session of Thursday could be canned it would fill a little less than the bottom half of a child's thimble.

It might be desirable for voters at this time to look over the utterances of the "statesmen" they elected to office last November and quickly check up the distance between promise and performance.

The anniversary of Bobby Burns was duly celebrated on Friday evening when an interesting program was rendered in Masonic Hall under the direction of the St. Andrew's Society. Mr. Alexander J. MacIver, president of the Society, headed the committee of arrangements. Dancing followed the entertainment program.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

St. Paul's Church

The annual corporation meeting of St. Paul's Church was held recently and the following officers were elected:—

Senior Warden—B. Earl Anthony.
Junior Warden—Alfred C. Hall.
Vestrymen—Colby C. Mitchell, Fred C. Cook, Herbert B. Ashley, William A. Lawrence, William B. Anthony, John L. Borden, Arthur O. Smith, Frederick Webb, Henry C. Anthony, Jr., Arthur A. Sherman.
Delegates to Diocesan Convention—B. Earl Anthony, Mrs. Benjamin Anthony, Mrs. Frederick Webb.
Alternates—William B. Mellor, Herbert B. Ashley, Mrs. Alexander Boone.
Delegates to Newport Convention—William B. Anthony, Herbert B. Ashley, Miss Hattie Anthony, Mrs. Arthur O. Smith.
Alternates—Mr. Arthur O. Smith, B. Earl Anthony, Mrs. John L. Borden, Mrs. William B. Anthony.
Auditor—Howard A. Pierce.
Treasurer and Collector—William B. Anthony.
Clerk—Alfred C. Hall.
Cemetery Committee—Miss Frances Hicks, William B. Anthony, John L. Borden, Frederick Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Wheeler entertained at dinner recently in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Leroy Dennis. A theatre party followed the dinner. Mrs. Dennis received a number of beautiful gifts.

Plans have been completed for a dance to be given in the town hall on January 26, by the Portsmouth Grange.

Rehearsals are being held for the play "Beyond the Clouds", which will be given under the direction of Mr. Robert Chappell.

Mr. William Hall, son of Mrs. Annie Hall, has gone to California to visit his sister (Mildred) Mrs. George Dell.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bowker are the happy parents of a son born at the hospital in Somerset, Mass.

The degree team of Portsmouth Grange went to Jamestown on Tuesday evening, where they worked the degrees.

Mr. Charles S. Plummer, who has been confined to his bed since Christmas, is improving slowly and is able to be about the house a few hours each day.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held an all-day meeting at the parish house on Tuesday. It was very well attended, and a large amount of work was done. Dinner was served by Mrs. William Doane and Mrs. William F. Brayton.

Plans are being made by the ladies of the Ladies' Association of St. Paul's Church for a chicken patty supper to be given soon.

The guild of St. Paul's parish held a meeting on Tuesday afternoon. Plans were made for a musicale to be held next Tuesday evening in the guild house. Mrs. Gertrude D. Holman, contralto, Miss Louise Chase, soprano, Mr. Ray Groff, violinist, Mr. H. Wood Thompson, pianist, and Mrs. Louise Green, reader, have been secured for this event.

Mr. Benjamin Phillips of Providence, who has recently returned from California, has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Boyd.

District Deputy President Mrs. Elizabeth U. Sherman, of this town, and her suite of officers installed the officers of Emma Rebekah Lodge, No. 7, I. O. O. F., of Newport on Thursday evening.

Two Boys Drowned

Two boys, aged 9 and 10 years, were drowned on Sunday afternoon at the Portsmouth Coal Mine. Three children went to slide on a pond just north of the Coal Mine, when they all slid on to the thin ice and dropped through. Daniel Edward Silvia and Manuel Souza Silvia, his playmate, broke through and were drowned, but Joseph M. Silvia, brother of Daniel E., was fortunate enough to scramble out. He ran to a house on Brownell's Lane, where he secured help, but the men were too late to rescue the boys. The water was about five feet deep at the place where they broke through. The boys were no relation, but their parents' names were very similar. Daniel Edward Silvia was the nine-year old son of Joseph M. and Mary Silvia, and Manuel Souza Silvia, aged 10, was the son of Joseph and Mary Silvia, and both families resided on Brownell's Lane, which runs from the Coal Mine to the West Main Road.

The officers of Van Rensselaer Lodge of Perfection were guests of Solomon Lodge of Perfection in Providence on Wednesday evening, exemplifying the degree work.

Mayor Boyle continues to show steady improvement, after having been quite seriously ill at his home.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Harvey are now occupying their new home on Everett street.

This Plant a Weather Prophet.

The abrus or earthquake plant is a curious plant which grows wild in Cuba and India. Claims are made for it that it is a real prophet. The first man who made a study of the claims of the plant as a weather prophet was Baron Nowack, an Austrian, whose success in predicting a thunder storm so caught the imagination of the king of England that he is said to have invited Nowack to London to broadcast the plant—with what result history seems to have left unrecorded. It is said that when an earthquake is about to be born the abrus changes color, in company with the appearance of a spot on the sun. At any rate, the natives of Cuba and India frequently consult this oracle.

Hickory in Great Demand.

The weight of a piece of hickory is the best indication of its strength. It is said that 100,000,000 board feet a year are consumed in the making of tool handles including golf tools.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Newport County Pomona Grange

Portsmouth Grange entertained the Newport County Pomona Grange at Fair Hall for its January meeting, with Worthy Master Mrs. Florence M. Sutcliffe presiding. This Grange elects officers only once in two years, the next election being due next December. The only changes in officers this year are that of Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham as chaplain in place of Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham, deceased; and Mr. Clairmont Grinnell as the third member of the executive committee for three years. In the secretary's report, a total membership of 319 members was shown, 30 of which were new members.

The Worthy Master gave a report of the vaudeville entertainment in December at Little Compton, showing $84.65 was cleared. Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee reported $13.55 as proceeds from the old fashioned dance given recently.

Portsmouth Grange was awarded the Pomona trophy, for the largest percentage of attendance during the past year. It was accepted by the Worthy Master, Clairemont L. Grinnell, with appropriate remarks.

Mr. Grinnell, as the new member of the executive committee, was installed by the Worthy Master, Mrs. Sutcliffe.

A report of the flower committee was followed by Current Events, poems, songs, and an address by Home Economics Agent, Mrs. James E. Knott, Jr., after which the meeting adjourned.

A New England supper was served by Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, Mrs. William H. Spooner and Mrs Jesse I. Durfee.

The evening session opened with a short business session, after which Mr. William Main read an article upon Oliver Hudson Kelly of Boston, the founder of the Grange, known as "Father Kelly," followed by a solo by Mr. Earl Lowden, "Smile Awhile."

The speaker of the evening, State Lecturer Burton K. Harris, who is also Master of Lime Rock Grange, was introduced and gave an address on "The Grange as a Growing Power" and explained much about the formation of juvenile granges. A rising vote of thanks was extended. Remarks for the good of the order were made by State Master Booth of Nanaquaket, and others.

Mr. Herbert Chase is ill at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Sherman.

Miss Sarah Champlin, who recently submitted to an operation at the Newport Hospital, has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bliss, who have been guests of Mrs. Martha Bliss, have gone to their home in Texas.

Mrs. Charles Thomas is recovering from an attack of the grippe.

The meeting of the Middletown Free Library Association, which had been postponed and which was to have been held last Saturday, was again postponed on account of the illness of Mr. Albert L. Chase.

Mrs. J. Alton Barker of Newport entertained the St. Mary's Branch of the Women's Auxiliary on Tuesday, at an all-day session. Much sewing was accomplished.

Mr. William C. Swan and Mr. James McKenzie have gone to Miami, Florida, for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. William B. Wyatt, who has been confined to her home by illness the past four months, was given a birthday postcard shower recently.

The Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church met on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. John Nicholson. The meeting was in charge of Miss Ida Brown.

Aquidneck Grange held its first meeting with the new officers at the town hall on Thursday evening. The lecturer's hour was given over to the officers, and a play, "The Prince of Liars," was given under the direction of the Worthy Master, Lewis B. Plummer.

Mr. Edward M. Wyatt is confined to his home with the grippe.

Mr. Benjamin W. H. Peckham, who has been seriously ill with an attack of the grippe, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Howard R. Peckham entertained the members of St. Columba's Guild on Friday afternoon. Articles were made for the summer sale.

Rev. A. Stanley Muirhead conducted the regular services at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday. At the Epworth League meeting, which was held on Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Muirhead, assisted by Mr. Fred P. Webber, was in charge. An address was given by Mrs. Lillian Borden, president of the District Women's Christian Temperance Union of Portsmouth. She gave a report of the World's Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which she attended in Philadelphia.

The monthly social of the Epworth League was held on Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham on Riverview Avenue.

Mr. Charles H. Sisson is making his home with his brother-in-law, Mr. Nathan Smith and Mrs. Smith, since the death of his wife.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Julia A. Williams

NOTICE is hereby given that Stephen H. Chace has qualified as Executor of the will of Julia A. Williams, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning January 27th, 1923.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

January 22nd, 1923.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, January 6, 1923.

Estate of Sarah J. Champlin

WILLIAM L. PECKHAM, Executor of the estate of Sarah J. Champlin, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 5th day of February, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

1-13

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Sheriff's Office
Newport, R. I., June 16th A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 1038 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of May, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court November 2nd, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 30th day of March A. D. 1922, in favor of Henry Jennings of the City of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, defendant, I have this day at 9 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Dennis Shanahan had on the 14th day of May, A. D. 1921, at 12 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northerly on Prospect hill street; Easterly on lands now or formerly of John B. Langley, et als, and others; Southerly on Franklin street, and Westerly on lands now or formerly of the late Joseph [illegible] Hammett; formerly the premises of Nathaniel Langley, deceased, and now the premises of Dennis Shanahan and Patrick H. Horgan. Be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

8-26-4w

Newport, R. I., September 21, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 18th day of September, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

9-23

Newport, R. I., September 25 1922

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Fifth day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., October 5, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Thirteenth day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

10-7

Newport, R., I., October 13, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

9-14

Newport R I, October 28, 1922

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Twenty-eighth day of November, A D 1922, at the same hour and place above named

FRANK P KING, Deputy Sheriff.

10-2

Newport, R. I., November 28, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the twenty-seventh day of January, A.D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Dec. 2
Jan. 27

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Sheriff's Office.
Newport, R. I, Aug 26th, A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 10291 issued out of the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Providence, on the 18th day of July A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court October 16th, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court the 13th day of July, A. D. 1922, in favor of the Providence Brewing Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, and having its office and place of business in Providence, plaintiff and against Samuel Melrovitz, alias Samuel Microvitz, alias John Doe of Newport in Newport County, defendant, I have this day at 20 minutes past 7 o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant Samuel Melerovitz alias had on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1922, at 34 minutes past 10 o'clock A. M., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to certain lots and parcels of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and bounded and described as follows: Southerly on Van Zandt avenue fifty (50) feet, westerly on land of Eliza B Barker one hundred (100) feet, northerly on land now or formerly of Matthew Butler fifty (50) feet; and easterly on land of William O'Neill one hundred (100) feet or however otherwise bounded or described. Being the same premises conveyed to the grantor, Samuel Melrovitz, by deed from Edward Stabe and others, bearing date of August 30th, A. D. 1913, and recorded in the Land Evidence of said Newport.

Also another tract or parcel of land located in said Newport with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: North on Van Zandt avenue one hunded feet and forty-five hundredths feet (100.45). East on Hall avenue fifty-one and five-tenths (51.5). South by land now or formerly of Jeremiah and Mary Murphy, one hundred and sixty-five hundredths (100.65) feet and west on land formerly of Herbert C Tilley, fifty-one feet or however otherwise bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 2nd day of December, A D 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

11-4-4t

Newport, R. I., Dec. 2, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Second day of January A. D. 1923 at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Dec. 9
Dec. 30.

Newport, R. I., January 4, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Second Day of February, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Jan. 6
Jan. 27

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NEWPORT DAILY NEWS

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PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS

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15 BRANCHES

HAY, STRAW, GRAIN, SALT SHAVINGS

New York

VIA FALL RIVER LINE

Fare $4.44

Large, Comfortable Staterooms
Orchestra on each Steamer

Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M
Due New York 7:00 A.M.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, January 6, 1923.

Estate of Eugenia E. Mitchell

PETITION in writing is made by Anna M. Mitchell, of said New Shoreham, requesting that she, said Anna M. Mitchell, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person may be appointed Guardian of the person and estate of Eugenia E. Mitchell, minor, under the age of fourteen years, daughter of Delorin A. Mitchell, late of New Shoreham, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the 5th day of February, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and that citation be served according to law.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

1-13

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Hattie D. Conley

January 13, 1923.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham of Ray G. Lewis as administrator of the estate of Hattie D. Conley, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and his qualification by giving bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law, beginning Jan. 13, A. D. 1923.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

RAY G. LEWIS, Administrator.

1-13

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court
Newport, Sc.
Newport, January 6th, A. D. 1923.

WHEREAS, Anna May Headley of the City of Newport in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Anna May Headley and Alfred Cresson Headley, now in parts to the said Anna May Headley unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Alfred Cresson Headley of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1923, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Mary R. Sullivan

NOTICE is hereby given that Lawrence P. Sullivan has qualified as Executor of the will of Mary R. Sullivan, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning January 20th, 1923.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

January 8th, 1923.

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